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The People's Press.

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# The People's Press.

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### To-Day and To-Morrow.

If there comes some joy to me,
Would you have me stay,
With that joy to sweeten life?
"Yes, Heart, stay to-day."
Well, then, if I have a dream
Of some coming sorrow,
Shall I wait to feel its fear?
"That will do to-morrow."

If unto some loving heart
I've a debt to pay?
"Ah! that is a might debt;
Pay it, Heart, to-day."
If I'm forced from bitter wrongs
Cruel words to borrow?
"Then, dear Heart, there is no haste;
Keep them till to-morrow.

"Duty, Kindness and Success
Lose by slow delay;
Duty hath a double right
When it claims to-day;
Kindness dies if it must wait;
Success will not stay—
Unto them comes no to-morrow
If they lose to-day.

"But for Debt and Doubt and Anger,
But for useless Sorrow,
Better you should wait a day;
Keep them for to-morrow.
And as every day's to-day,
You may patience borrow,
Thus forever to put off
Such a bad to-morrow."

## The Miller's Granddaughter.

The summer afternoon waned at last; the flaming sun declined toward the horizon, and a cool, soft breeze, inexpressibly delightful after the heat of the day, began to blow.

Since early dawn Lizzie Dupont had been toiling at her needle, but now she threw down her work, and leaving the old mill stood on the rude plank that crossed the mill-race, and looked eagerly over the fields.

"Oh, where can Dossy be?" she cried. "That dreadful interest which must be got ready by Saturday has made me forget her. I ought to have listened to grandpa. I am sure something has happened to her. She never was away so long before. I shall never forgive myself. What—what," she cried, suddenly clasping her hands, "if she should be drowned?"

Lizzie Dupont had not always been a resident at the old mill, dependent on her needle for support. She had once been, and that not so long ago, the petted daughter of a merchant prince in New York. But her father had failed and died soon after of a broken heart, and Lizzie would have starved if it had not been for her maternal grandfather. "Come to me," he had written; "I am old and poor, but we will share our crusts together. If you have grown up to look like your dear mother you will be the apple of my eye." So Lizzie, ignored by her father's rich relations, had found refuge in this secluded spot.

Refuge and peace, but hardly happiness. In the days of her prosperity she had become acquainted with a young Englishman, the son of a titled family, and had plighted her troth to him. Just before her father's failure Ross Devereaux had sailed for England, intending within six months to return and claim his bride. But from that day to this Lizzie had never heard a word about him.

At first she thought her letters had been miscarried, and in the faith and trust of her young heart had continued writing. But, at last, and after discovering the heartlessness of her father's relatives, she began to believe that even Ross might be selfish also. "I am poor now, and he deserts me," she said. "God help me! But it is, I suppose, the way of the world."

Lately a new trouble had come upon her. Her grandfather had been failing all winter, so that a man had to be hired to work the mill, and this had brought them into debt. Already there was a mortgage on the mill, for the grandfather had never been a prosperous man, and now the interest had fallen into arrears for nearly a twelve-month. The holder of the mortgage was a cruel, avaricious man. He had often threatened to turn out the little family, if his interest was not paid; and two weeks before he had served a written notice, that, if the arrears were not forthcoming by the next Saturday, he would be as good as his word. Every day since Lizzie had risen by candle light and worked till bedtime. "If I can only get this embroidery done for Mrs. Watson," she said, "by that dreadful day, I may raise part of the money at least, and perhaps then he will wait for the rest."

But, this afternoon, a new and greater trouble had come. Dossy, her little pet sister, had been missing all day. The child often spent the mornings playing in the woods, but invariably returned to the noon-time meal. On this occasion, however, she did not make her appearance. Lizzie was alarmed, and would have gone to seek her; but the grandfather took it more coolly. "She has stopped at some of the neighbors," he said, "she will be home for supper; don't fret, dear." Lizzie, thinking of the coming Saturday, had allowed herself to be persuaded that all was right, and had gone back to her work. But, as the afternoon wore on and no Dossy came, she grew seriously alarmed. At last, throwing down her needle, she came out, as we have seen.

"Oh, Dossy, Dossy!" she cried, when she had scrutinized the landscape vainly in every direction, "where are you? If God will only spare you, dear—if he will give you back to us alive—I will never repine again at anything."

But where was Dossy? Was she really lost?

To explain this we must go back to the afternoon before, and look at Dossy, as she sat in the old-fashioned garden, swaying to and fro in a grapevine swing, puzzling over the troubles of the family. She was watching a bobolink that sang in the heart of a lilac bush, and talking to herself the while.

"What a nasty, ugly old man that landlord is," she said; "and he made poor Lizzie cry so the other day when he was here. He says he'll drive us from our home. Why, then," with sudden consciousness, "we'll have no place to live in, and I shall never hear you sing, birdie; nor have my flowers, nor my kittens. Oh, me! Oh, me!"

She sobbed a little, then shook off her April fears, and then fell to thinking in earnest. If they only had some money. What if she could get some? She puckered her brow into a frown. Just then some market carts rolled by, laden with produce, on their way to the neighboring little town. On the front seat of one sat an old woman, with a basket of flowers on her knees. A sudden thought flashed on Dossy, and the puckered little brow cleared up. Why couldn't she sell flowers? Her garden was full of them, especially of pansies, such pansies as were not often seen.

She jumped from the swing so quickly that she landed headforemost into the grasses below. But, nothing daunted, she regained her feet and began picking off the golden-hearted pansies and English daisies by handfuls. She would do it; yes, indeed, she would, and make ever so much money, and they wouldn't have to leave the mill, and grandpa and sissie wouldn't cry any more. She fell to work arranging her bouquets for the morrow, her eyes fairly dancing with delight. She put them together quite tastefully, and by the time the summer moon stood over the pines she had a long row set up amid the evergreens, that the dew might keep them fresh. In the morning, as soon as breakfast was over, she would set out.

Dear, innocent Dossy! She had not the least doubt that she would succeed, and she slept but little that night in her excitement. Over and over she rose from her little bed and stole on tiptoe to the window to look down on her treasures.

The morrow dawned cloudlessly. Breakfast over, Dossy ran down to the garden, crammed her posies into Lizzie's market basket, and taking it on her chubby arm trudged away, fortunately unnoticed. On she sped, past the long, long line of fences, and down into the very heart of the town. Her cheeks were crimson, her breath came in gasps, she almost stumbled with fatigue, but at last she reached the market-place and stopped in a little corner where the shadows fell cool, and where an old blind woman was selling laces. Here, feeling a sense of safety and companionship from the old blind creature, she sat down and began with deft hands to arrange her posies in front of her. What a picture she made in her white frock, with its short, puffed sleeves; her eyes ablaze, her amber ringlets blown about by the morning breeze, framed, as it were, by a border of yellow daisies and golden-hearted pansies. At the silvery call of her sweet bird-voice, piping: "Who'll buy my pansies?" one and another pedestrian looked back, a few smiled, and some stopped and purchased. Presently a farmer, who had just such a little one at home, bought one of her nosegays, and paid for it with half a dollar. Dossy was in raptures. Then another gentleman came along, this time a comparatively young one, but tall and dark, and with a bronzed face.

"Won't you buy a bunch of pansies, sir, please?" said little Dossy.

The stranger, who had not noticed her before, stopped and looked for the little piping voice.

"Please, sir," said Dossy, holding up a posy, "only twenty-five cents."

The young man flashed a keen glance at Dossy, and drew near, smiling.

"To be sure I will," he said, pleasantly, "if only for the sake of your bright eyes. Twenty-five cents you said, I think," and he drew out his purse.

"Yes," said Dossy, apologetically, imagining he thought the price too high. "You see I have to ask a good deal," and she shook her curly head with a grave, important air, "for Lizzie must have the money by Saturday, or we shall be turned out of our pretty home." As she finished she tendered to her auditor the prettiest of her posies, which she had just selected for him out of her store.

The stranger, all this time, had been looking curiously at her. The color went and came on his face, his lips trembled, and he showed other signs of emotion.

"Tell me," he cried, earnestly, "my dear, what is your name?"

He drew close to Dossy as he spoke, and seemed to be looking in her face, as if for some half-remembered, half-fancied likeness.

"Dossy," she answered, "Dossy Dupont."

His answer was to catch her in his arms and kiss her again and again, his voice trembling with excitement as he cried, "Dossy! my little pet Dossy, don't you know who I am?"

But Dossy struggled from his embrace, smoothed her curls, and answered haughtily:

"I asked you to buy my pansies, sir, and not to kiss me."

The stranger broke into a joyous laugh. "and I will buy them," he replied, "every one of them. But don't you really know me, Dossy? I am Ross Devereaux. Why, you have sat on my knee many and many a time."

Dossy at this stared at him curiously. Then she uttered a gleeful little shout and sprang into his arms.

"Oh, I know!" she cried. "I remember you. Won't Lizzie be glad? Won't she stop crying now?"

Ross Devereaux's swart cheek crimsoned. "Take me to your home," he said, "to your sister. Is she here?"

"No," answered Dossy, "we live at grandpa's, at the old mill out of town, you know."

"Let us go at once then. No need to sell pansies any longer," cried Ross Devereaux, eagerly setting the child on her feet.

Lizzie Dupont stood as we have said, gazing across the meadows, heart-broken about Dossy's prolonged absence. Suddenly two figures appeared, emerging from the woods beyond in the direction of the town. She gave a great cry of joy, for one was certainly Dossy. But who was the other? Who was the tall, handsome man who held Dossy by the hand? Could it be—no, it was impossible—not yet—

At this moment, while she was still uncertain; while her heart leaped into her throat, and then stopped beating, while she felt dizzy, and about to fall, and had to clutch at the railing, Dossy's companion, dropping the child's hand, darted forward, for he had recognized Lizzie, and came hurrying over the meadow, waving his hat. He reached the stile, was over it in a bound, and the next moment was at Lizzie's side.

"Thank God I have found you at last!" he cried, clasping her sinking form. "Poor, timid darling! Did you think I had deserted you?"

What Lizzie would have replied, if anything, we do not know; but he gave her no chance; hurriedly, as if life and death depended on it, he went on to tell his story.

"Not one of your letters ever came to hand," he said. "They were intercepted, as I discovered at last. I wouldn't mention how, under other circumstances, but you, at least, ought to know the whole truth. The fact is, darling, that while my parents were eager to welcome you as a daughter, I had a cousin, an ambitious girl, who had always lived with us, and who, it seems, wished to marry me, not, of course," he said quickly, "that she loved me, but merely to secure the title and position. Well, to make a long story short, she bribed the postmistress at the village to give her your letters, so that I never heard a word from you, or about you, till, at last, in despair, I came over, before I intended, to solve the mystery—"

"Came over?" said Lizzie, faintly, and guiltily, conscious how she had misjudged him.

"To be sure," repeated Ross Devereaux, frankly. "Ah! little skeptic, you doubted me, did you?"

"Indeed, indeed—" began Lizzie.

But he stopped her with a kiss.

"Then it was," he went on, "that I heard for the first time of your father's death. But no one could give me any information of your whereabouts, I did not know your relations in New York, but I found out their names, though it was some time, and one was at Newport and another at Saratoga, and a third at Virginia Springs. Before I could do anything came the news of my father's sudden death, and a summons home, for I am, you know, his heir as to both the titles and estates. When I had been at Devereaux hall for a week or so the postmistress came up, trembling and penitent, for I was now Sir Ross, and she had discovered by this time that my cousin was not to be Lady Devereaux. Then the vile plot was revealed. Darling, ever since I have been wild to discover you. I hurried up my business and left England at once. But for a long time I was foiled. Your city cousins, on whom I had relied, could not tell me where you had gone. All they knew, and they told it with evident confusion, was that your mother's father had sent for you, and that he lived in this State, and in this part of it. So I have visited every square mile of this and four other counties, and only lighted on Dossy by accident, to-day. I didn't even know your grandfather's name."

There was much more to tell, details with which we will not tire the reader, eager questions and as eager replies. Lizzie could hardly credit her happiness. Dossy danced around, shouting in glee.

If you ever visit England, and should ever go in the neighborhood of Devereaux hall, you will hear everybody talking of the beautiful Lady Devereaux whom Sir Ross brought home from America. Should you see her you will recognize, as we did, in the gracious matron the Miller's granddaughter.

### HEALTH HINTS.

Antagonize yourself to sickness. Determine that you will not be sick, then live according to the laws of your being.

The inhalation of air charged with ammonia vapors, as a remedy for whooping cough, has been tried in France with success. One of the methods of application employed is boiling ammonia in the room where the patient is.

The following drink for relieving sickness of the stomach was introduced by Dr. Halahan, and it is said to be very palatable and agreeable: Beat up one egg very well, say for twenty minutes, then add fresh milk, one pint; water, one pint; sugar, to make it palatable; boil and let it cool; drink when cold. If it becomes curds and whey it is useless.

A French scientist has lately been investigating the food properties of buckwheat, and gives the following as the result of his researches: Buckwheat cakes are equal to pure white bread as regards the phosphates or bone-making material and nitrogenous principles which they contain, and are superior to bread in fatty matters. The general yield of buckwheat when cooked is about three times the weight of the flour used, showing that such flower will retain from forty to forty-one per cent. of water. Between different batches of ground buckwheat there is a great dissimilarity of composition—one batch containing nearly seven times as much nitrogen, twenty-five times the amount of phosphates, and a hundred and fifteen times as much fatty matter, as another. The bran is the richest portion of the buckwheat, but cannot be digested by weak stomachs. The finest quality of buckwheat flour, and the white mill dust especially, are very suitable for children and persons in ill health, while the stronger varieties require a strong stomach and much exercise for their digestion.

### Luxury in New York.

The luxury and perfection of detail in New York dwellings is passing into a proverb. Nowhere in the world, probably, is so much time and money expended upon the furnishing and ornamenting of the homes of the rich as in this city. The draping of curtains has become a distinct branch of art, and every decorator and upholsterer has one or more employes whose sole business is to arrange in graceful folds the draperies, which are now indispensable, at doors, windows and fireplace. Even the banisters must now be stuffed and tufted and draped on either side with heavy fringe. Ceilings are frescoed and painted in the studios of distinguished artists and then transferred to the houses that they are to embelish. Hundreds of women are employed, at an expense of thousands of dollars, upon embroidery and art needlework which are to adorn the sumptuous palaces in which our rich men live. Paintings, statuary, carvings in stone and wood, the richest fabrics of French and Indian looms, indeed all that is rare and beautiful in nature and art, are brought to bear upon the decorations of these republican palaces. Even the stables in which the horses, coachmen and grooms are to be housed are far more luxurious than the simple homes in which the fathers of our race passed their lives. The newly-finished stables of Cornelius Vanderbilt in Fifty-eighth street far outshine those of the Roman emperor whose sumptuous appointments have become a matter of history. —*New York Letter.*

### FACTS AND COMMENTS.

President Garfield's memory is to be honored in London by the founding of a home for working girls, to be called "Garfield house." A lady has given $1,200 to a committee for this purpose.

The carrier pigeon that is valued at $500 must be a fine bird. Yet there are several such on exhibition at the pigeon and poultry show recently opened at the Crystal palace, London. Some of these birds are said to have found their way from Rome to Antwerp, a distance of about 700 miles, in two or three days, stopping, too, on the way to gather food.

They have an original way in Venice of protesting against a bad tenor. A gentleman in the parterre of the Teatro Malibran recently opened his umbrella and held it toward the stage, evidently to keep off the shower of false notes. The auditorium at once became a forest of open umbrellas. The tenor fled, the curtain fell, and art was avenged.

The supreme tribunal of Mexico has just given a remarkable decision. They have determined that certain slaves were entitled to their freedom twenty years ago, and that the owners of a mine in which they have been worked for those twenty years must pay them wages for all that time. This decision indicates the growing liberal sentiment of the people of Mexico.

The famous big trees of California, 350 to 400 feet high and proportionately thick, are on public land, subject to entry at $1.25 an acre, and may be bought up and destroyed by whoever wishes to make such use of them. The bark has already been peeled from the butt of one for a showman, who sets it up at fairs as an exhibition, and another has been cut down in order to make a dancing platform of the stump.

Some curious verdicts have lately been noticed in the courts of this country. Not the least singular is that recently reported in a Philadelphia court, where a woman secured a verdict of $9,000 from a street railway line for the loss of a hand by an accident to the car in which she was riding, while a few days before, in the same court, a verdict of only $4,000 was given in favor of a boy who had both legs cut off in another street-car accident.

There is no department of the Federal government where, from the nature of the business, there are such opportunities for frauds as in the pension bureau. There are already 700,000 names registered of pensioners. There are 130,000 other applicants whose cases have not been decided, and new cases are coming in at the rate of 100 a day. It would be naturally supposed that as time passes the number of pensioners would be decreased by death, but such is not the case. The estimated expenditures in 1882 for pensions is estimated at $88,000,000, and it is supposed that between $10,000,000 and $20,000,000 of this amount will be on fraudulent claims.

It is now nearly seventeen years since the postal money-order system went into operation in the United States, and the results prove the system to be a great convenience to the people, while yielding a revenue to the government beyond the cost of doing the business. During the last fiscal year more than seven millions of money-orders were issued. The fees received for these orders amounted to $917,091, against $659,516 as the cost of transmission, showing a net profit to the government on the business to the amount of $257,575. The amount of money sent in this way exceeded eight hundred million of dollars. The system has been extended to the postal service between the United States and several of the countries of Europe.

A little girl only fourteen years of age, named Margaret Messenger, has been convicted and sentenced to death at the Cumberland assizes in England, for the murder of a baby whose nurse she was. The jury found her guilty and also that—although, being at the time under the age of fourteen, she was, prima facie, incapable of crime—she was precocious enough to have a criminal intent. There is on record in England an example of a boy aged eight years being hanged for burning a barn in Berkshire. A boy of ten, convicted of murdering his bedfellow, was unanimously pronounced by the judges as a proper subject of capital punishment, and does not appear to have been reprieved. These cases happened long before the secretary of state was in the habit of interfering in cases of murder as he does at present; and it is probable that this young girl may have her punishment commuted to imprisonment for life.

A singular occurrence took place at the Alexandra Park races in England recently. A betting man known as "Hoppy," because he is lame, attempted to leave the grounds without paying those who had made wagers with him. His movements being understood, a cry of "Welsher!" was raised, and several thousand persons quickly assembled. The man was attacked in a furious manner, and his clothes for the most part were torn off. The noise soon attracted a number of policemen, who fought their way through the mob and surrounded "Hoppy," who, but for the timely assistance rendered, would have been most seriously injured, if not killed. He had conducted his betting transactions from a wagonette, and when he was taken away by the police a considerable crowd remained behind. A call was made for paper, and showers of newspapers, race cards, letters, books, etc., came from the multitude in response. In a few seconds the vehicle was almost covered with inflammable articles, and these being set fire to, the woodwork of the trap, cushions and lining were soon in a blaze, the lookers-on cheering lustily. The appearance of the flames brought a strong body of police to the spot, and after great difficulty the carriage, well alight, was drawn out of the burning heap of paper. The shafts were broken off to stir up the fire, and the harness was cut into pieces, the horse being allowed to stray away.

If there are any genuine perfectionists in this country, men who haven't committed a sin of any kind for sixteen years, they can get good salaries as bank cashiers.

### SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The kernel of the date, on the authority of M. Georges, is a very poor article of diet. He asserts that the absence of starch and the small proportion of albuminous matters do not allow it to be classed with any of the ordinary nutritive matters.

M. Houzeau has lately published a representation of the milky way on a large scale, showing the equality of luminous intensity by means of curves. A great celestial circle, consisting of thirty-three bright masses, is apparent, and in the center of this our solar world is very nearly situated.

A most remarkable discovery has been made in the Sweetwater country, in Wyoming Territory. It is a deposit of sulphuric acid in its natural state. The odor, chemical action and general appearance of the stuff demonstrates it to be a pure quality of sulphuric acid. The ground is impregnated over a large area—100 acres or more—and parties have filed claims upon it.

When the rapid increase of the earth's motion was observed, the idea was advanced that the moon's orbit was growing shorter, and would end by coming down upon us. But more recent calculation shows that, instead of the moon coming nearer, our day is growing longer, owing to the friction of the tides upon the earth's surface, by which the speed of the earth's rotation is slowly diminished.

The friends of the Davenport (Iowa) Academy of Sciences claim that that institution possesses the only evidence that has yet been discovered that the mysterious mound builders had a written language. It has in its museum two inscribed tablets which were found in some of the mounds, and which have attracted attention from American and European archæologists. Mr. Prett, late president of the academy, believes that the evidence of the genuineness of the inscriptions is sufficient, but the fact must be regarded as still very much in question.

### Coin.

Coin is presumed to be from the Latin *cuneus*, a die or stamp, and itself really is a piece of metal converted into money by a legal stamp. There is a tradition that Pheldon, king of Argos, first issued stamped silver about 746 B. C. The earliest coins struck, both in Asia Minor and in Greece, were stamped upon one side only. The first coin in England was made by the Romans earlyin the first century. The shape varied—square, round, oblong—until the middle ages, when round coin was adopted by all the European nations. Gold coins were first issued in France by Clovis A. D. 489. About the same time they were issued in Spain by Amalric, the Gothic king. In both countries they were called trienties. The first American coinage was by the Virginia company in 1612. The firstmoney actually coined herewas in Massachusetts, in 1652. Thirty-three years later Connecicut and Vermont made copper coin, and three years after them New Jersey also made copper coin.

Coins are among the most certain evidences of history. In the latter part of the Greek series they illustrate the chronology of reigns. In the Roman series they fix the dates and successi of events. Gibbon observes that if all our historians were lost, medals, inscriptions and other monuments would be sufficient to record the travels of Hadrian. The reign of Probus might be written from his coins.

Another word belonging to this class comes from the Roman coin issued by Servius Tultius, and bore the image of a sheep (*pecus*), and was thence called *pecunia*, the term subsequently applied to money in general. Some coins have derived their names from their weight—as, for instance, the British *pound*, the French *livre*, the Italian *lire;* some from the metal itself, as the *cuercus*, the *rupee*, from the Sanscrit "*rupya*," silver. Other coins have got their names from the design, as the American eagle, the angel, testoon (from *testae*, a head.) Others from the head of the state, as the sovereign, the crown; and others from the monarch's proper name, as the darie (from Darius) the Phillip, Louis d' or, or the Napoleon. Then, again, some coins have got their names from places. The florin, which has different values in Holland, Bavaria, England and Austria, is so called because it was first coined in Florence.

The French *franc* took its name from the first syllable of the inscription *francorum rex*, king of the French. The sou, which circulates in France as the cent, does in the United States, is from the Latin "*solidus*," which was the name of a golden coin issued by some of the Romon emperors.

The guinea derived its name from the coast of Guinea, in Africa, from which was brought the gold from which it was coined, first in the year 1664. They were called in and succeeded by the sovereign in 1817. The English pound was originally a pound of silver, which was divided into 240 pennies, by the Saxons. The shilling has been assigned a great many derivations. The most plausible refers it back to the German "schill" or shield, so that shielding, finally reduced to shilling, would indicate a coin on which the prince's shield is stamped.

The penny is a coin of a vast antiquity. Its familiar shape, as may be generally known, is a comparatively modern alteration of the silver form in which it was known in ancient times.

The American cent began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792, and was prepared by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution. The dollar or thaler is said to been first struck in the dale or valley of Joachim, in Bohemia, in the sixteenth century. The first coinage in this country commenced in 1794. This silver coin circulates in Spain, Germany, Holland and Mexico.—*Troy Times.*

A large tract of waste land in Southern Algeria has been leased to a Frenchman who has determined to make it pay, despite that it is valueless for agricultural purposes. His intention is to convert it into a lion and panther preserve. These beasts are to be lured into the preserve by old horses, mules, and asses which have done their life's work. A luxurious hotel, supplied with a Parisian chef, is to be erected upon the estate, and from this headquarters will sally forth the budding sportsmen who flock thither to enjoy the excitement of lion hunting. Those who are particularly bold will be able to shoot their game in the open; but ambuscades will be provided from which the less valorous can make it hot for the lions while remaining in safety themselves.

### WISE WORDS.

Inclination and interest determine the will.

To indulge a consciousness of goodness is the way to lose it.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of nature.

If conscience restrains thee to-day it will to-morrow and all thy life long.

The life free from care, and from any buffetings of fortune, is a dead sea.

All that a man gets by lying is, that he is not believed when he speaks the truth.

There is no sadder truth to the human mind than the irrevocableness of the past.

Pleasure and pain glide by us like shadows; life vanishes in a moment; it is nothing in itself—its value consists in the use of it.

Better a cheap coffin and a plain funeral, after a useful, unselfish life, than a grand procession and a marble mausoleum after a loveless, selfish life.

A brain is a very hungry thing, indeed, and he who possesses it must constantly feed it by reading or thinking, or it will shrivel up or fall asleep.

Our condition never satisfies us; the present is always the worst. Though Jupiter should grant his request to each, we would continue to importune him.

The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it be sternly repressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try to look always on the bright side of things.

He who learns and makes no use of his learning is a beast of burden with a load of books. Comprehendeth the ass whether he carries on his back a library or a bundle of fagots?

Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows in part the temperament of the individual.

In this world a man is likely to get what he gives. Men's hearts are like a whispering gallery to you. If you speak softly a gentle whisper comes back; if you scold you get scolded. With the measure you mete it is measured to you again.

### Heads and Hats.

Whether the mighty sons of Anak wore hats at all is not of so much interest as the question of the circumference of their heads. We read a great deal about the size and bulk of the giants of old, but such extreme stories of size are looked upon with just suspicion. Very frequently, when the armor worn by the men-at-arms of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is examined, the conclusion is that the knight thus protected was less in size than the man of to-day. But the bulk of the body may have increased or diminished, but what about the size of the head? Is the hat we wear to-day as big as the one donned by our grandfathers? English hatters—a conservative set of men—declare that in their business the diminution of the skull is quite apparent. Whereas thirty-five years ago, when they ordered an assortment of hats, the following were the proportions: Sizes of 21 inches, none; 21 1-2, 1 hat; 22 1-2, 4; 23, 1; and 23 1-2 inches, 1 hat. To day they order and sell hats of decreased circumference: Of 21 inches, 3 hats; 21 1-2, 4; 22, 3; 22 1-2, 1, and of 23 1-2 inches none at all. It might be worth while to learn what has been the experience of our hatters in regard to the American head-coverings, and factories making hats by the thousand might determine whether the American head was diminishing in bulk or not. There are, however, no reasons to suppose that a diminished size of the head should mean less of the thinking or intellectual power. It might be consoling to know that by dint of selection, intellectual people producing their kind, the osseous stucture may have been lessened, while the quality of the brain has improved on the principle that it is not always the biggest box that contains the finest materials. Perhaps the whole explanation, as Professor Flowers writes in *Nature*, may arise from the different fashion in wearing hats. In former days the hat was slouched on the back of the head, and it had to be bigger, while to-day we wear our hats on the top of our heads and cock them. One thing about hats which physicians declare to be true is that the hard black hat, which binds the brows, induces baldness. They agree as follows: That the circulation is hindered, and the smaller veins which supply the hair-making material and leave the bulbs at the base of the hair have their fluids sensibly diminished; hence so many heads that are without a thatch.—*New York Times.*

### Why Ireland Wears the Green.

The London *Truth* publishes the following communication: In your note on the Order of Saint Patrick in yesterday's issue of your paper, you suggest that the existing blue ribbons should be changed for a green one, on the ground that such an alteration would be well received by Irishmen. Will you allow me to point out that this suggestion arises from a totally unfounded, though very common, belief that green is the national color of Ireland? The truth, however, is that green was never heard of as a national or party color till 1798, when the United Irishmen adopted it, for the following reason: The ancient flag of Ireland was a golden harp on a dark blue ground, as now depicted or emblazoned in the Irish quarter, the third, of the royal standard, and the revolutionary leaders, being anxious to unite together all classes of Irishmen, being in that respect the exact converse of the present agitators, and to join the Orangemen to the rest of their fellow countrymen, adopted green as their distinguishing color, which is, of course, by mixing together gold and blue. At the time, therefore, of the institution of the Order of St. Patrick, in 1783, the only and undoubted national color was dark blue, and that would probably have been the color of the ribbon but that it had already been appropriated by the Order of the Garter, which was originally light blue, but had been altered by the Hanoverian monarchs to its present color to distinguish their knights from those whom the two pretenders continued to invest with the old light blue ribbon. (Hence, by the way, the expression "true blue.") Under these circumstances, it was originally proposed that the St. Patrick ribbon should be orange, but, as it would have savored too much of party, it was ultimately determined that it should be the old color of the Garter—light blue

### STIRRING ADVENTURES.

**Five Pieces of News Concerning Odd Ups and Downs of Life.**

Near Alice Falls, Canada, in a house upon a hill, dwells one of the prettiest girls to be found north of the St. Lawrence. Peter Gumblaw went courting thereabout a few days ago, but as what follows will show he had a most distressing time. The beauty of the Ausable gave Peter the mitten. He left the house in such a rage that it seemed a good thing to him to go straightway and leap into Ausable chasm. Unfortunately, the precipice was on his path homeward and so near the dwelling of his cruel lady-love that his anger had no time to cool. As he ran toward the dangerous rocks Gumblaw met a boy, to whom he hastily handed his watch, money and keepsakes. Then, as the boy says, the lover gave a wild leap from the brink. The lad was frantic with the sight, but his legs took him, like the velvet gloves of a rabbit, swiftly to the nearest man. When the latter reached the rocks by the river he caught sight of Gumblaw in the torrent far beneath, but still above the falls. It was apparent that from the intense purpose of self-destruction the young man now had changed to a keen desire to save himself. He was grasping at the traditional straw. Eddies whirled around, while spray frothed at his throat and the rapids roared at his ear, but he clung to a jutting rock with desperate energy. Ladders and ropes were hurriedly procured, and he let go his hold to grasp the end of a line just as the eccentric current whirled his body downward over the falls. When picked up below Gumblaw was unconscious. His left thigh, three ribs and an arm were broken, but at last accounts the pretty girl of the house on the hill was successfully nursing him back to life.

Men are now grading the track of the Northern Pacific railroad at a point in Hell Gate canon, nine miles west from New Chicago. One day a crevice blast was set in a rocky bluff twenty feet above the river. The main blast consisted of seven kegs of black powder, which was placed at a depth of fifteen feet. Two auxiliary blasts, with a short fuse to each, were arranged so that they would open the crevice. The fuses were fired, the men sought shelter, and two explosions followed, one sharply upon the heels of the other. Nelson Bennet, a contractor, said to F. H. Anderson, Robert Dunn, Michael McCarty and Charles Reichenberg: "The shots have all gone off; let's go down." Anderson demurred, saying the big blast was still below, but five men walked to the crevice, nevertheless and began to examine the rocks. While they were thus standing directly above the immense charge the seven kegs exploded. Three hundred cubic yards of rock were lifted into the air as lightly as a man raises his hat to a feminine friend. The five men went up with the earth's crust like skyballs shot from the school-boy's board. Fellow-workmen who witnessed the terrific explosion affirm that the five were hurled at least one hundred and twenty feet upward. They came down in the river—some unconscious, but none seriously hurt—and every one was able to eat his supper that night and draw his wages next day.

Doctor Torrington, who is seventy years old and by no means athletic, was hurriedly summoned to the house of a neighbor, Mrs. S. Hadlock, of Peak's Island, Maine. When he reached Mrs. Hadlock she found that he was expected to kil with a gun instead of with his medicine chest. An eagle of sweeping wing and fierce scream was circling about the Hadlock poultry-yard, and the good woman was protecting her turkeys by means of brickbats hurled with Amazonian courage. The doctor was amazed and amused, for he never before had heard of such boldness on the part of the bald-headed things, however big their beaks. He was about to take aim when the bird swooped down at him. At that moment a six-year-old child, a grandson of Mrs. Hadlock, toddled out of the house, and the eagle pounced upon the little fellow. Mrs. Hadlock struck frantically at the eagle with a large roller towel, and, releasing the boy, it flew to a neighboring oak. Doctor Torrington put a double charge in the Hadlock shotgun and fired. The eagle flew upward and away over the sea, and its flight showed that it was wounded. Doctor Torrington's shoulder was dislocated by the recoil of his gun. Before night some fishermen found the eagle's body a half mile off shore.

How Lewis Schafer escaped death by the breadth of a hair, afterward climbing a hundred feet perpendicularly with one hand, is told by the Leadville papers. Schafer worked in a mine on Little Gulch creek. The shaft is 115 feet deep. The hero of the episode, a German of the build and brawn of Hercules, was hammering his drill at the bottom of the shaft, when he heard a strange noise above. Instantly glancing upward he saw a heavy beam falling with frightful velocity down the shaft. He acted upon instinct, and pressed to the wall of the narrow hole. The beam struck one shoulder and knocked his head forward against the rock. He remained quivering for a few moments, and would have died but for an effort of will. Wounded as he was, he mustered nerve enough to worm his way upward to the mouth of the shaft, a task that in itself would have appalled a man with the use of both arms.

Joseph Meek, a colored man, is known in the Barker mining district, Montana, as a lucky hunter. One day he was looking for game in the region of perpetual snow, up on old Baldy mountain, when he saw a bear ambling along toward his point of observation. Meek ran down the slope, and upon what he thought was a good foothold he stopped to fire. The bear kept on and the recoil sent Meek rolling in the snow. When the hunter picked himself up he saw an outcropping of silver ore. Forgetting the bear, he passed the day collecting bits from the ledge and took them to Benton. The ore assayed $2,100 to the ton. The latest from the hunter is that he is packing ore down Baldy mountain two miles on a mule and selling it at a smelter for $2.50 a pound.

"You cross, cruel husband!" she sobbed, "you have b-b-broken my h-h-heart!" "If that's the case," said the c. c. h., "you will not need the new hat that you were talking about yesterday." "Yes, I will!" she exclaimed, with sudden vehemence, "I'm heart-whole on that subject."—*Philadelphia Sun.*

The fop is only a man who thinks "swell" of himself.

### Amends.

Storm is not good; but when storms pass
And clouds are fled and airs grows mild;
And waves plash softly one by one,
And weary earth, her conflicts o'er
Lies like a lovely sleeping child;
We feel a joy unknown before
A tree and flower and rain-washed grass,
A new significance in sun.

Pain is not sweet, but pain is best;
His cold hand has the magic keys
Which unlocks treasures to our eyes
Hidden in daily trivial things;
And common comfort, common ease,
Respite from common sufferings,
The morning's task, the evening's rest
Are to us riches past all price.

Life may be hard; but when life ends,
And all the hard things are gone by,
And every ache has been relieved,
And every fear is wiped away,
And softly on the ravished eye
Breaks the clear dawn of Heaven's day,
Joy shall for grief make such amends
That we shall wonder that we grieved.
—*Susan Coolidge.*

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The phrenologist is a man who cannot do his work well unless he feels right. —*Somerville Journal.*

"Bard out," as the poet said when he found the street door locked against him.—*Marathon Independent.*

An Arkansas man was lynched for riding a mule on Sunday. It was another man's mule, by the way.

You can't eat enough in a week to hurt you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The most truthful and unobtrusive man in the community will, in one week after he becomes the owner of a setter dog, develop into a talented, gaudy and ostentatious liar.

There are three prominent phases of a young woman's life all visibly connected: As a baby, she's lugged. As a young woman, she's hugged. As a wife she's humbugged.—*Springfield Sunday News.*

Slobson says that if you should walk up to one of the nobs, those who are the dandies, and ask him to lend you fifty cents, he'd say he didn't have it, and nine times out of ten he would be telling the exact truth. Those who wear the finest clothes and like to swell around on the mash have seldom any more money in their pockets than brains in their heads.—*Rochester Express.*

### Madam Filosofoff and the Czar.

A correspondent in St. Petersburg records an amiable action lately performed by the czar. During the last few days the chief military procurator, Filosofoff, and his wife have returned to Russia and reappeared at court. The story of their absence is a curious one. Under the regime of Gurko it was an easy thing for any one man or woman to be ticketed as "politically suspected," and dealt with accordingly. Mme. Filosofoff was a cultivated and generous lady, and she employed her spare moments in frequent gifts to poor and promising students to aid them in their careers. A student of science or literature was regarded ipso facto by the Gurko school of politicians as a doubtful character; if not already a Nihilist there was no saying how soon he might become one. Madame Filosofoff's gifts to youths of this class brought her into bad repute, and although no proof seems to have been found that she really aided any professed revolutionists under the plea of aiding scientific or literary aspirants, she was suddenly informed that she must leave Russia and reside abroad. Her husband, the chief military procurator, was in despair, but his influence and office could not procure a remission of the hard sentence, which reduced him to the condition of what the Germans call a "straw widower."

At a court ball shortly after the exile of his wife, the late Emperor Alexander II. went up to Filosofoff and kindly asked him why he looked so wretched. "Your majesty knows," he replied, "that I am a lonely man. I am no longer young, I am constantly ill, and I need hardly say that I miss the society of my wife." "I can feel for you," said the czar, "and I wish that your wife could return to you; but," added he, after a pause, "I find that it is quite impracticable." Early the next morning, while the procurator was at work in his study, a courier arrived from the czar, with a note in the imperial handwriting. "As your wife cannot return to you," said the document, "you had better go to her. I grant you an extra leave of absence and 2,000 rubles for traveling expenses.—Alexander." The present czar struck a line across Madam Filosofoff's name in the list of "political suspects," and she and her husband, the compulsory and the voluntary exile, were thus enabled to return home, and, as our police

# The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1881.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]


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### FOR 1881.

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1881.

### THE HOLIDAYS.

So far as we know, the Christmas Holidays have generally passed pleasantly; the young folks and children particularly had an enjoyable time.

Close upon Christmas comes the New Year, 1882, and in this the last issue of the PRESS in 1881, we wish all our patrons and friends a happy and prosperous new year.

As usual, during the past year "the bitter has been mingled with the sweet," and sickness and death have visited many a family circle.

In some respects, 1881, will be remembered as an eventful year: Some half a dozen comets made their appearance; the winter was extremely cold and the summer very dry, cutting short crops of various kinds, so much so that in some sections the prospect for the support of man and beast was anything but flattering. In fact, it became necessary to import grain from more favored localities, in order to drive threatened want from many a door.

The assassination of the President of the United States, an unusual number of accidents by land and water, conflagrations, robberies, &c., occurred during the past year. What the incoming year has in store is wisely hidden from our view; but the weather-wise predict a milder winter and an average or good crop year.

—Congress has adjourned over the Holidays to January 5.

—Total number of victims by the theatre fire at Vienna, 794.

—It is feared that 150 persons were killed by a colliery explosion at Bolton, England.

—The Western N. C. Railroad is said to be progressing to completion rapidly.

—The drinking saloons at Cedarville, Ohio, were destroyed by a band of masked men, at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 24th inst.

—The General Assembly of Virginia elected Riddleberger as United States Senator, to succeed Senator Johnston.

—52,216 foreign immigrants arrived in this country in November. During the year ending June 1881, 669,431 arrived.

—We give the Supreme Court decision in the case of the Commissioners of this county against the Administrators of the late I G Lash, elsewhere.

—A man was recently arrested in Texas, for murder, whom the detectives had been hunting for seven years. John Whitaker was arrested in Missouri for committing a murder in Texas in 1873, 8 years ago.

—We need not be physicians to know when we have and how to cure a cold. We can have a special physician always near, by keeping convenient a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Guiteau case was adjourned till Tuesday. As the audience arose Guiteau shouted "To-morrow being Christmas, I wish the court and jury and the American people a happy Christmas. I'm happy and I hope every one else will be."

—The greatest blast on record was made last week near Easton, Penn., dislodging 40,000 ton of rock. Four tunnels 50 feet long, were run into the fill side and ten tons of powder were used. The face of the rock for a distance of 150 feet was blown out.

—The short cotton crop, occasioned by the drought of last season, has taught the farmers a severe lesson, and one that will, in all probability, be of great service to them in the future. It is that too much fertilizer will not pay, and that fertilizing with compost is proving more effective as well as much cheaper. Let the farmers begin now to make up their compost heaps for next years' crops, that they may be thoroughly decomposed before the time arrives for depositing it in the ground.—*Statesville Landmark.*

—The census bureau has completed the tables on the wealth of the country. This shows, divided by sections, that the average wealth per capita, is $623.15 in New England; $452.24 in the Middle States; $321.00 in toe West; $145.94 in the South and $329.59 on the Pacific Slope. The South, therefore, contains a third of the population of the country and an eighth of its wealth—not a very favorable showing, but better than that made ten years ago.

—A photographic counterfeit five dollar note, purporting to be issued by the Boyl-ton National Bank, Massachusetts, has been discovered. The face of the note is a good imitation, but the green border on the back shows crude printing and engraving. A pen-made counterfeit ten-dollar silver certificate has been received at the Treasury Department.

### Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system.—*Advance.*

—This winter, thus far, has been one of the most boisterous and stormy to navigators that has been known for many years. Steamers arriving in New York from Europe all report an almost continual succession of hurricanes, mostly from the West and Northwest, during the entire passage.

### Riddleberger Elected Senator.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 20.—In the General Assembly to-day the vote was taken for United States Senator to succeed Senator Johnston, whose term will expire March 4th, 1883. A full vote was cast in both houses, resulting in the election of H. H. Riddleberger, Readjuster candidate, who received the solid party vote. The Democrats voted solidly for Senator John W. Johnston, the present incumbent.

PINK EYE.—This is the name of the new horse disease which has been prevailing extensively at the North, is now coming Southward and has reached Norfolk. Some of the primary symptoms of the disease are those of fever rigors, dullness, succeeded by a swelling of the eye-lids, discharge of tears from the eyes, pain in the limbs, and tumefaction, more particularly around the articulations. The pain in the limbs is manifested by restlessness, shifting of the feet and irritability. The eyes become of a pinkish color.

### Cotton Farming.

Mayor Jones is a Georgia farmer, and he has been to the Atlanta Exposition, where a variety of his own products are displayed. He said to an interviewing note-taker, in speaking of the farming habits of that section, that he had faithfully tried the old way, which was to plant as much land as possible, and get as much as he could off of it. But by doing so he found he ran behind seven dollars in a few years. Then he reduced the amount of his cultivated land, and went to work at what he calls close farming, and in this way succeeded in paying off his debts. He has found, by his method, that while it costs nine cents a pound to raise cotton the way it is usually done, he can raise it for three cents a pound. And he produces in this way more than four times the average of the best producing county in the State.

### A Bill to Abolish the Revenue Laws.

The following bill was introduced in the House of Representatives last week by Hon. A. M. Scales, and is the joint work of Representative Scales annd Armfield:

A BILL TO REPEAL THE INTERNAL REVENUE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES AND TO ABOLISH ALL TAXES AND ALL OFFICES CREATED BY SAID LAWS:

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Repeesentatives in Congress assembled:*

1. That the taxes heretofore imposed by any law of Congress on Spirits manufactured from fruits, or grain or molasses, on Liquor-dealers, cigars, cigarettes, snuff, tobacco, (chewing or smoking) dealers in leaf tobacco, dealers in manufactured tobacco, manufacturers of tobacco and cigars, on ale, beer, lager and porter, on brewers as a special tax or otherwise dealers in malt liquors, bank-checks, and friction-matches be and the same are hereby repealed.

2. *Be it further enacted*, That all laws, regulations and machinery provided by Congress for levying the taxes aforesaid or to enforce the collections of the same or any part thereof are hereby repealed.

3. That all the offices enacted by any act of Congress with the intent to enforce the levy or the collection of any of said taxes, or to enforce the execution of any such laws as aforesaid, are hereby abolished.

3. *And be it further enacted*, That chapter four, entitled distilled spirits, chapter five entitled fermented liquors, chapter six entitled tobacco and snuff, chapter seven entitled cigars, of the Revised statutes of the the United States be and the same are hereby repealed.

5. *Be it further enacted*, That this Act shall take effect on the first day of November, 1882.

—The cold driving easterly rainstorms of this season rarely fail to afflict nearly everybody with Colds. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup—the surest and safest Cough remedy made. Price 25 cents.

### Forsyth County vs. W. A. Lemly, Administrator.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, Supreme Court, October Term, 1881. No. 334. Davidson.

Comm'rs of Forsyth County, } *opinion.*
*Against*
W. A. Lemly, et als. Adm'r. }

SMITH, C. J. The justices of the county court of Forsyth at the term held in June, 1868, and by virtue of a provision in the act incorporating the North Western North Carolina Railroad Company, authorized a subscription of one thousand shares on behalf of the county in the capital stock of the company of the par value of one hundred dollars each, and directed the issue and sale of bonds in that amount bearing interest at the rate of eight per cent. whereof ten thousand dollars should mature at the end of the successive years next ensuing, to provide the money to pay for said stock. At the same time the defendants intestate, I. G. Lash, was appointed financial agent of the county to prepare and have the bonds properly executed, and to dispose of the same to the best advantage to meet the requirements of the subscription. The agency was accepted, and as alleged in the complaint, bonds executed and properly authenticated in a sum exceeding by more than four thousand dollars the prescribed limit, placed in the hands of intestate and managed by him for a series of years and until his death in April, 1878, without rendering any account of his trust or of the sale of the county securities and disbursement of the proceeds, or of the funds subsequently raised by the county and paid over to him to meet the incurred obligations. This action is instituted against the defendants, administrators of said I. G. Lash, for an account and settlement of the terminated agency, and the plaintiffs charge that most of the bonds were never legally disposed of, but retained by him as security for advances made by him, or by the bank of which he was the president and principal owner of the stock, on his behalf, and he held at the time of his death three-fourths of said bonds in value with a lien thereon only for such moneys as he may have advanced in excess of what he has received and a reasonable remuneration for services rendered.

It is further alleged that a claim for large and usurious interest on the moneys advanced is set up by the intestate to which he is not entitled, and a general account is demanded.

Most of these charges and especially that of mismanagement, are controverted in the answer, and at fall term, 1879, upon the defendants application and affidavit, the cause was ordered to be removed to Davidson county; but owing to the absence of certain papers, in the hands of defendants counsel, needed in completing the transcript, the cause remained on the docket of Forsyth Superior Court until the record was filed and it was docketed at fall term, 1870 in the Superior Court of Davidson.

Immediately at August 28th, 1880, on plaintiff's application, the clerk of Forsyth Superior Court issued a summons to the sheriff of his county to be served on the defendant, W. A. Lemly, to appear before him at his office on the 3d day of September following for examination under sections 332 to 341 inclusive, of Code Civil Proceedure and requiring him to produce "all books, papers, records and documents wherein are kept memoranda and accounts" of the intestates "transactions as such financial agent, as well as the books of the First National Bank of Salem, in his custody as former cashier or otherwise showing the bank account of I. G. Lash while acting as such financial agent" "and also such municipal bonds of the county of Forsyth as belong to the intestate and such as were found in his possession or among his effects after his death."

The witness appeared according to the mandate of the clerk and upon his examination acting under advice of counsel refused to exhibit any of the books or papers specified, assigning as reasons therefor:

I. Because of the charge of the claiming and taking usurious interest on the moneys advanced.

II. For the want of a specific designation of the books, documents and papers required.

III. For the absence of any averment that they are in possession or under control of the witness.

IV. The books and papers belonging to the bank.

These objections to the order were overruled and the witness required to produce them, which ruling the witness refused to obey and appealed to the Judge of the Superior Court. On the hearing the order of the clerk was affirmed and the defendants except thereto and to the authority of the Clerk of Forsyth to take the examination under the statute.

There are two questions raised and they have been earnestly discussed upon the appeal taken to this court.

I. Was the ruling of the Clerk requiring the production of the books and papers regular and proper?

II. Was the proceeding rightfully constituted before the Clerk of Forsyth Superior Court?

1. The evidence sought is clearly pertinent, and in the absence of any account rendered with the answer material to the plaintiff's case. The intestate in his life time rendered none, the defendant witness kept his financial accounts as agent, is familiar with his dealings with the trust fund, as it is not denied, must be assumed to be in possession of the bonds, books and papers demanded. There is no reason he should be relieved of the unperformed obligation of his intestate to furnish such memorials as are in his posession, as materials essential in making up the account and ascertaining the relations of the agent to his principal. The warrant for the order, aside from pre-existing provisions of law, may be found in section 331 of Code Civil Proceedure as interpreted and and enforced in Justice vs. Bank 83 N. C. 8.

II. The books and bonds are specified with sufficient accuracy in the notice and order. Whatever objection may lie to the other papers because of the vagueness of their descriptions, certainly it cannot excuse the failure to bring forward the others to which the objection does not apply. The witness should produce such as are sufficiently designated, and he is thus informed, are required, and defend himself against any further enforcement of the order, if then pressed.

III. The imputation of an intention or attempt to make usurious charges will not warrant the withholding information of the facts upon which a correct and just account can be made up. The imputation is of an attempt to charge illegal interest and the purpose to eliminate usurious interest if charged on the intestate's books from the account to be taken. There will in such case be no usury taken, and consequently no penalty incurred by supplying the information. There has been no sanction given by the county authorities to the appropriation of any of its funds in the hands of its agent to the payment of usurious interest, and a claim unrecognized to retain is not a taking of such unlawful interest.

II. As to the competency of the clerk of Forsyth to take the examination, after the order of removal, but before the filing of the record in the court to which the case was removed.

It is plain that until the transcript is deposited, the removal is not consummated and the cause is not constituted so as to give full jurisdiction to the court to which the removal is ordered. In this condition of the action it is expressly provided that subpœnas for witnesses may be issued and commissions to take depositions may be sued out of the office of either clerk. Rev. code ch. 31. sec. 72. For the purpose of taking evidence the jurisdiction is vested alike in the court from which as well as, in that to which the cause is removed, and why does not this retained authority reach this new mode of preparing testimony as well as those in force and prevailing when the statute was enacted? It is indeed but the taking of a deposition without commission, and to facilitate the trial and the examination itself differs only in some of the uses which may be made of it by the parties to the suit. We see no ground for exempting an examination, thus authorized by the code, from the operation of a statute which applies to other evidence, and is sufficiently comprehensive to include this.

But if this be not so, we are disposed to correct the intimation, not involved in the decision of the case of Strudwick vs. Brodnax 83 N. C. 401, which restricts these examinations to the Judge and Clerk of the court wherein the action is at the time depending, and to extend the act to any county wherein the witness resides or where he may be found within the State. This construction is given to the statute by the courts of New York and gives a wider and more reasonable scope to its intended beneficent provisions. Otherwise in a case like the examination could not be hard at all, if the witness chose to remain out of the county of Davidson. In both aspects of the matter then the clerk of Forsyth was in the exercise of rightful authority in proceeding to take the examination and in making the order for the production of the books and bonds, and there is no error in the ruling of the Judge in relation thereto.

We should have some hesitancy in sustaining the appeal, but that the plaintiffs are deprived of important evidence to sustain their action and the cause may still proceed in making full preparation for the trial not withstanding the appeal. Ordinary questions arising and decided during the examination of a witness cannot be singled out and the exception made the subject of a separate appeal, but the cause will proceed.

There is no error and this will be certified to the court below.

A true copy.

TEST. WM. H. BAGLEY, Clerk.

—Herr Krupp, the cannon founder, keeps 30,000 men at work forging big guns for the nations.

### Guiteau's Meeting with his Divorced Wife.

On Saturday Mrs. Dunmire, Guiteau's divorced wife, her husband and little daughter called at the city jail to bid him farewell before starting for their home in Colorado. The scene in the assassin's cell is thus described: At first Guiteau appeared oblivious of their presence, but, raising his eyes suddenly, they fell upon the lady's face, who, to his surprise, proved to be Mrs. Anna Dunmire, his divorced wife, her husband and their little daughter. This unexpected visit rather unstrung the prisoner, and for an instant he hung his head, but brightening suddenly, he walked forward, took the lady's hand and said he was pleased to see her. The lady was visibly affected, and tears welled up in her eyes, overflowing the lids and rolled down her cheeks as she said, "Charlie, I am sorry to find you in this condition."

"Oh! never mind that," said the prisoner, calmly. "I am sorry that the whelp (evidently referring to District Attorney Corkhill) brought you here. But he was disappointed in his purpose. I did nothing, you see, to embarrass you."

"I have called to say good-by, Charlie," Mrs. Dunmire said, evidently desirous of ending the interview, "for I may never see you again," and then, weeping, she held out her hand to the prisoner, as if to say farewell. Guiteau was not satisfied, however, to stop the interview there, and, as if to prolong it, turned toward the lady's little girl and asked how old she was, adding, as a peculiar look passed over his face and his thin lips twitched nervously, "Anna, I can wish you no harm. I hope your life may be prosperous and happy."

Mr. Dunmire, who had been a silent spectator all that time, then walked over to Guiteau and said:

"Guiteau, I must bid you farewell also. We may never meet again."

Guiteau took the proffered hand, but turned his head away, and it was evident that he was impressed with the truth of his visitor's remarks. Without waiting for Guiteau to reply Mr. Dunmire added: "We say good-by now, for I hope we will be off to Leadville again by Monday. It's too close around here for me."

"It is too close hereabouts for me also," broke in the prisoner with a ghastly smile. "I wish that I was a laborer out at Leadville." The Dunmires then departed.

### A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."—*Cairo Bulletin.*

Ex-Treasurer Jenkins has been successfully "bunkoed" in Washington. A young man of winning address shook hands with him on the street, saying that he was the son of Mr. McDowell, the former cashier of a Charlotte bank, and the good natured Treasurer fell into the snare. As they walked on down the street the young man asked him to stop a moment at a house where he had to complete a business transaction. This "business" consisted in the obtaining of a supposed winning from a game of cards, which were dealt by a thin man with a black moustache. He did not seem satisfied with the winning, but proposed to tempt fortune still further and as every layout of the eight cards was made he regularly won, until Mr. Jenkins was himself induced to try his luck. He said before he commenced that he had no money with him, but he man who dealt was willing to take his checks, although he smilingly insinuated that that would probably not be necessary. It proved to be contrary, however, as instead of winning Mr. Jenkins lost, and to cover his losses he increased his stakes so that he finally gave three checks, for $40, one for $1,200 and one for $4,000 on the Citizen's National Bank at that place. The checks were made payable to bearer, and were given, so Mr. Jenkins was assured, "simply as a matter of form, but so soon as the sharpers got them in possession they closed the game on the gentleman and proceeded to depart. He asked the return of his checks but was laughed at and then he became indignant and, rushing into the street, sought a policeman. Of course by the time the officer of the law arrived the bunco men had flown, and nothing was to be found but a pack of cards and some blank check. Mr. Jenkins telegraphed to stop the payment of his checks.—*News-Observer.*

—A curly-headed, olive-skinned young man walked into a Broadway furnishing store yesterday afternoon and offered to buy all the perforated coin in the place at a discount. About $5 in silver was handed over to him and paid for. "What do you do with it?" the young man was asked. "I support my wife and children with it. Do you know anybody that's got any more?" The holes in the coins are filled by passing iron wire through them and clipping it off. A little hammering and burnishing makes the deception complete.—*Waco, Texas, Examiner.*

### The Jeannette.

NEW YORK, December 22.—The following is a special to the New York *Herald*, dated Paris, December 21: "Our St. Petersburg correspondent telegraphs that the Governor General of Eastern Siberia, who happens at present to be in St. Petersburg, having received information of the arrival of the shipwrecked crew of the Jeannette in the region under his command, immediately proceeded to Gutchina and saw the Emperor, who personally ordered that all supplies that were necessary for food, clothing, money and transportation should be placed at their disposal."

NEW YORK, December 22.—A special to the *Herald* from London, dated December 22, 3 a. m., says: The following telegram was received at the London office at 2.20 this morning:—

IRKKUTZKA, December 21, 2:05 p. m.—The Jeannette was crushed by ice in latitude 77° 15', longitude 157° east. The boats and sleds made good their retreat to fifty miles northwest of Lena river, where the three boats were separated in a gale. A whale boat in charge of Chief-Engineer Melville entered the east mouth of the Lena on September 17. It was stopped by ice in the river. We found a native village, and as soon as the river closed I put myself in communication with the commandant at Boloenga. On October 29th I heard that the first cutter, containing Lieutenant De Long, Dr. Ambler and twelve others, had lodged at the north mouth of the Lena. The commandant at Boloenga sent instant relief to the whale boat party, who are all well. Nindeman and Noss arrived on October 29th, with relief for the first cutter, who are all in a sad condition and in danger of starvation, and all badly frozen. The commandant at Boloenga has sent native scouts to look for them, and will urge a vigorous and active search until they are all found. The second cutter has not yet been heard from. Telograph money for instant use to Irkutsk and Jakutsk.

The *Herald* has received news of the safety of Jerome J. Collins, scientist and *Herald* correspondent, who is thought to have been in command of the missing second boat of the Jeannette.

### Annoyance Avoided.

Gray hairs are honorable but their premature appearance is annoying. Parker's Hair Balsam prevents the annoyance by promptly restoring the youthful color.

### Living Witnesses.

The hundreds of hearty, and healthy looking men, women and children, that have been rescued from beds of pain, sickness and well nigh death by Parker's Ginger Tonic are the best evidences in the world of its sterling merit and worth. You will find such in almost every community.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

—Paints and Oils, a full line at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lewis' White Lead at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Call at H. W. FRIES Store for gentlemens' Fine Shoes.

—Lithia Water for sale by the gallon at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lamps and all Lamp Goods at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

**FINE SHOES.**

Just received the largest stock of FINE SHOES, ever brought to this market,—all Ziegler Brothers manufacture.

Also a large line of Carpet samples.

H. W. FRIES.

—GRAY & MARTIN, Druggists, succeed MONTAGUE & GRAY and GRAY & WILSON.

—Those wishing to try our Teas can obtain samples free.

GRAY & MARTIN.

—Fullest line of Toilet Articles and Perfumery in the towns at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

### SALEM MARKETS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Wheat, (white) per bush | $1 60 | to $1 60 |
| Wheat, (red) " " | 1 20 | to 1 20 |
| Corn, per bushel, | 75 | to 90 |
| Oats, " " | 50 | to 70 |
| Rye, " " | 0 00 | to 00 |
| Barley, per bush | 00 | to 00 |
| Flour, per hundred | 3 25 | to 3 75 |
| Peas, (col'd,) per bushel, | 60 | to 75 |
| Peas, (white,) " " | 70 | to 80 |
| Beans, (col'd,) " " | 00 | to 00 |
| Beans, (white,)" " | 00 | to 00 |
| Onion Setts, per bushel, | 0 00 | to 00 |
| Pork, | 8 | to 10 |
| Country Meat, (hog round,) | 09 | to 13 |
| " Hams | 14 | to 15 |
| Green Apples per bushel, | 50 | to 0 80 |
| Eggs, per dozen | 10 | to 12 |
| Butter, per pound, | 15 | to 20 |
| Tallow, " " | 6 | to 8 |
| Beeswax, " " | 21 | to 21 |
| Flax Seed, per bushel | 80 | to 0 90 |
| Potatoes, Irish, per bush | 70 | to 1 00 |
| Potatoes, sweet, " " | 75 | to 80 |
| Cabbage, per pound, | 00 | to 0 |
| Chickens, per dozen, | 1 50 | to 2 00 |
| Hay, per hundred | 70 | to 75 |
| Fodder, per hundred bdls, | 00 | to 00 |
| Shucks, per hundred lbs, | 00 | to 00 |
| Blackberries | 9 | to 12 |
| Whortleberries | 8 | to 10 |
| Dried Cherries | 9 | to 18 |
| Dried Apples | 4 | to 06 |

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.
A perfect dressing, elegantly perfumed and harmless. Removes dandruff, restores natural color and prevents baldness.
50 cents and $1 at druggists.

FLORESTON COLOGNE.
It's exquisitely fragrant perfume with exceptionally lasting properties.
50 and 75 cents.

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An Invigorating Medicine that Never Intoxicates
This delicious combination of Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia, and many other of the best vegetable remedies known, cures all disorders of the bowels, stomach, liver, kidneys and lungs, & is
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If you are suffering from Female Complaints, Nervousness, Wakefulness, Rheumatism Dyspepsia, age or any disease or infirmity, take Parker's Ginger Tonic. It will strengthen brain and body and give you new life and vigor.
100 DOLLARS
Paid for anything injurious found in Ginger Tonic or for a failure to help or cure.
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IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms*, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* **The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.** Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book (32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free.* BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

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There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

**This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.**

**Pain Killer** has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, **it never fails.** It not only effects a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely vegetable remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.

The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:

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**Charles Powell writes from the Sailors' Home, London:** I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and violent spasms of the stomach. The doctors at Westminster Hospital gave up my case in despair. I tried your PAIN KILLER, and it gave me immediate relief. I have regained my strength, and am now able to follow my usual occupation.

**G. H. Walworth, Saco, Me., writes:** I experienced immediate relief from pain in the side by the use of your PAIN KILLER.

**E. York says:** I have used your PAIN KILLER for rheumatism, and have received great benefit.

**Barton Seaman says:** Have used PAIN KILLER for thirty years, and have found it a *never-failing* remedy for rheumatism and lameness.

**Mr. Burditt writes:** It *never fails* to give relief in cases of rheumatism.

**Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes:** From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.

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**The Revised Testament.**—A few copies of the Revised Testament at the Salem Bookstore. All should have a copy. A very good "old and new version on opposite pages" edition.


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Good Coffee at from 15 to 25 cents. Best qualities of Sugar. Good Tea, as cheap as the cheapest. Best Rice, Barley, Hominy, Grits and Oatmeal. Best quality of Spices constantly on hand.

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which speedily cures such ailments of the HUMAN FLESH as Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It heals without a scar.

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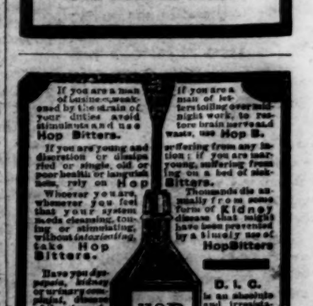


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# The People's Press.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1881.


## LOCAL ITEMS.

—Full Moon on Wednesday, Jan. 4th.

—On Monday weather murky, with steady rain.

—Christmas Day was bright, clouding up in the evening.

—Christmas Eve was bright and the little ones enjoyed their evening service.

—The Christmas trees are numerous in town.

—The darkies of Winston had a fantastic parade on Tuesday.

—The Moravian church was full on Christmas Eve. The services were witnessed by many for the first time.

—On last Saturday, H. C. Thomas and Dr. A. Butner bagged a fine wild turkey at Flat Rock.

—An eighteen pound wild turkey was killed near town, by a colored man the other day.

—A number of young ladies from the Academy are spending the holidays at their homes.

—A wheelbarrow rolling took place in Pace's warehouse on Monday, at which the boys had lots of fun.

—Santa Claus paid his annual visits on last Saturday night, and many little hearts were made glad.

—H. A. Lemly killed a calf on Monday, five weeks old, which weighed, when dressed, 94½ pounds.

—Wachovia Concert Club treated our citizens to some choice music on Tuesday night, in the way of a serenade.

—A larger number of the young ladies of the Academy remained here during the holidays than for several years past.

FAMILY REUNION.—A. Butner of the Salem Hotel, had with him during the holidays, nearly all his children and grand-children.

—The Entertainment of the Colored School takes place Wednesday evening, after our regular time of going to press.

—First Quarter of the Moon Tuesday last. John the Evangelist, a red letter day among the Masons.

—The Salem Literary Society will give an oyster supper on New Year's Eve at the Salem Boys' School-House. The friends of the Society and the public generally are invited to attend.

—Thanks to Charles E. Shore, a native of this place, but now Route Agent on Railroad between Wilmington and Charleston, for some fine oranges and bananas.

—Judging from the amount of gore on the side walk at the corner of Main and West streets, on Tuesday morning, there must have been a terrible fight among dogs, at that place on Monday night.

—C. A. Hege, of the Salem Agricultural and Iron Works, made a large shipment of saw mills last week. He shipped seven mills inside of six days, one of which went to Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.

—On Saturday night the services will be much as usual. We learn, however, that the Memorabilia of the Congregation of Salem will be read at 8 o'clock, and the usual closing services at 11½. Dr. Rondthaler officiating.

—The Moravian Church is very tastefully decorated this festive season. The pillars of the galleries are entwined with cedar, every window has a Christmas tree of cedar.

Some of the designs are entirely new, giving the whole a fresh and graceful appearance to the eye. The inscriptions are well made, and add much to the general finish of the whole.

—Robert Hauser came near meeting with a serious accident on Monday, while exploding a bottle filled with powder. A fuse leading to the powder failed to ignite it right off, but while Bob was investigating the cause of the failure the powder took fire and exploded the bottle, burning Bob's face and singeing his hair and eye brows. Boys should be careful when they meddle with powder.

POOR-HOUSE VISITED.—A number of ladies under the care of our worthy Sheriff, visited the Poor-House on Tuesday, and gladdened the hearts of the inmates with Christmas cheer, in the shape of cakes and coffee and other substantials. These annual visits have been kept up for a number of years

—The pleasant Christmas afternoon was enhanced with the very creditable entertainment of the Elm Street Sunday School in the Moravian church. The singing was very good and the recitations well given. Altogether we were agreeably surprised at the progress manifested. This school is doing a noble work, and we wish it every success. Dr. Rondthaler delivered the address.

—Tuesday was a beautiful day overhead. The sun shone bright and the breezes had the balmy effect of early spring. The East Salem Sunday School had their Christmas Entertainment at their chapel. A large number of the parents and friends of the scholars were present and it was an enjoyable afternoon. We congratulate the worthy Superintendent and his corps of teachers for the creditable entertainment. May the School flourish many years and prove a blessing to all concerned. Dr. Rondthaler delivered a neat address.

SALEM HOME SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Notwithstanding the steady rain, the Moravian church was well filled on Monday evening last to witness the Christmas exercises of the Salem Home Sunday School, consisting of a dialogue relating the oft told yet ever new story of the blessed incarnation of Christ. It was beautiful as a whole, and well given in every respect. The songs and recitations, interspersed through the programme gave a freshness and charm not often found in similar entertainments. The Home School is large, and the worthy Superintendent has done well. Let the Congregation encourage him in his noble work.

—Last Thursday evening the chapel of Salem Academy was well filled, to hear the concert usually given at this season of the year. The programme was published last week, and was carried out with success. The singing was excellent and the instrumental pieces the best we have heard for many a day. The improvement from time to time is very apparent even to the casual observer, and Prof. D'Anna adds to his reputation at every concert. An earnest worker, he overcomes difficulties and always presents a fine musical treat.

PERSONALS.—Dr. I. T. Lemly spent the holidays with relatives and friends in this place.

Capt. J. R. Vogler has returned home from the North.

Miss Phoebe Turner is spending the holidays at her home, in this place.

C. E. Crist is putting in the holidays at Atlanta and Macon, Ga.

Capt. Horton and family, of Wilkesboro, are in town for the holidays, stopping at Mrs. Horton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Vogler's.

Miss Lyon, of Tennessee, spent the holidays in Salem.

—Wm. Nading killed six hogs, 18 months old, weighing 1,800 pounds.

Wm. H. Hall killed two hogs, fifteen months old, weighing 322 and 340 lbs.

W. M. Spears killed two ten months old hogs, weighing 240 lbs. each.

CORN!—Messrs. F. & H. Fries are now selling *yellow corn*, at 90 cents per bushel.

### Improvements in Salem.

During the year 1881 our town has progressed considerably and new life seems to be opening up.

The large and magnificent Arista Cotton Mills now in full operation, claims the first notice as a superb monument to the industry and energy of Messrs F & H Fries. The building is 160x72 feet, three stories, with two wings, 50x30 two stories, all of brick, and covered with tin, over 350,000 feet of choice lumber was used in the building, much of it brought from the eastern part of the State. It is the only factory South using the electric light.

The Wachovia Steam Grist Mills, have also been much improved by by adding mills and crushers. The proprietors, the Messrs Fries have endeavored to keep the prices of grain within reasonable bounds, and have done so all through this trying season.

The old Salem Mill has also been improved, and adds much to its well earned reputation. Mr. Cooper has added another turbine wheel, and mills and crushers, and is also doing his best to supply the public with grain, meal and flour at living prices. Last summer the drought somewhat retarded the work, but now all is booming again.

The Messrs Fries have also erected 4 brick tenements.

Messrs Fogle Bros., have put up 3 brick tenements.

F L McKinney a cottage on Marshall Street.

Joseph Renard enlarged his store room.

Wm. Detmar remodeled dwelling and built a commodious brick shop.

The Moravian chapel has been enlarged.

D H Starbuck has a tenement house on church street.

Mr. Finch occupies the old H D Lott grocery store.

Mrs. Loeper occupies the former Fulkerson store room with a lot of Confections, Toys, etc.

Luther Waugh has a cottage near town.

John Johnston has also a cottage near town.

Emanuel Fisher enlarged his dwelling near town.

John Nicholson occupies the Banner place and is improving the appearance of it generally.

---

In our neighboring village of Waughtown, the march of improvement has been considerable.

J I Nissen has erected a large Wagon Manufactory building, blacksmith shops, etc.

Geo. Nissen & Co., ha vi mprovements in their Wagon establishment and George has erected a neat dwelling.

W E Spaugh, has also made a considerable improvement in his wagon workshops.

All the establishments are doing a good business, and the future for Waughtown is promising.

A considerable number of dwellings have been erected of which we failed to get particulars.

---

—We copy the following information from the *Republican*, gathered from the builders and contractors, Messrs Fogle Bros., Miller Bros., H E McIver, J D Small and Bowles & Baker. Within the last 12 months they have finished up the following buildings in Winston.

STORE HOUSES.

Block of store houses for Hamlin, Alspaugh, Buxton & Co., on Main st, four store rooms with second story finished up for offices, with balcony.

Prather and Vaughn's two story and basement store house, near Pace's Warehouse.

M Stein & Son's two story brick store with granite front and plate glass, finished up in first class style throughout.

Buxton & Shelton, 2 story store house on 3d street.

FACTORIES AND WAREHOUSE.

Pace's Brick Warehouse, size 87 x 200 feet with office 33x33 feet camp house 20x40 feet with basement under the whole and seventy good stalls with shingle roof, between Old Town and Liberty street. There are in this house 350,000 brick, 250,000 feet lumber, car load tin, half car load glass.

Williamson & Smith, brick leaf tobacco factory, 4 stories, Old Town street.

Luico Thompson's frame tobacco factory, 2 stories, on Old Town st.

DWELLINGS AND TENEMENTS.

T. J Brown's dwelling on Cherry street, built of brick, and stucco finish with tower and porches, twelve rooms all finished up in good style with hot and cold water and gas fixtures complete.

Dr. Shelton's dwelling house on Cherry street, built of brick and stucco finish with handsome tower and porches all around with fifteen rooms, finished up in best style with fine mantels, &c.

A G Huff, one dwelling house 8 rooms, on Cherry st.

Thomas Spaugh, 2 dwelling houses with 5 rooms each, 2nd st.

W P Henley, Old Town st., 3 tenement houses, 2 rooms each.

Judge T J Wilson, 3 brick dwellings, 7 rooms each.

H S Foy, dwelling house, 7 rooms 7th st.

P H Joyner's 2 story brick ell. Winston.

J C Godsey's frame dwelling. Winston.

C A Malone's frame dwelling. Winston,

Jiles Bassen's frame dwelling. Winston.

Fogle Bro's frame dwelling. Winston.

James A Scales 2 frame tenements. Winston.

Fogle's 5 frame tenements. Winston.

A Fogle 1 frame tenement. Winston.

C J Ogburn 1 frame dwelling.

Clark 1 brick dwelling. Winston.

Ford 1 brick dwelling. Winston.

T Graham 1 frame dwelling. Winston.

T Graham 1 frame dwelling. Winston.

J A Bitting 1 frame office. Winston.

Harrison Byerly, remodeled dwelling, near Winston.

W P Hay 1 frame tenement, near Winston.

Frank Burkhart frame dwelling. Winston.

Albert Gales frame dwelling. Winston.

S J Montague brick dwelling. Winston.

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### Society Belles.

On account of its remarkably delicate and lasting fragrance society belles are loud in their praises of Floreston Cologne.

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### South Fork Siftings.

After several days of damp and wet weather the past week the sun made his appearance again on Tuesday.

Preparing for Christmas was the order of the day. The good housewives were preparing to roast the fattened turkey, and the old grooms were looking on with keen appetites, while the children looked for Santa Claus, and the young people for some other kind of Claus.

South Fork creek bottoms were flooded, the water rising higher than at any time since last spring.

Messrs. Long and Kimel are preparing to put a new bridge over South Fork Creek at Hopewell. Judging from the amount of timber they have prepared, the bridge will be substantial.

We are sorry to announce the death of one of our oldest citizens, Jacob Hege. He died December 22nd, aged 88 years, 7 months and 20 days. Mr. Hege was a good neighbor, loved and respected by all; and his death should remind us that one by one the quick years pass from time's account.

We enjoyed the sermon of Mr. Richards, on last Sunday, at Pleasant Fork; the Rev. Mr. Peel was also present.

Schools are prosperous, with an average attendance.

The growing wheat looks very promising, and our farmers have large crops sown.

Stock in this section is in good living order in spite of the scarcity of grain. Hogs were fattened well, and still we come across a stray car of corn occasionally. Upon the whole, I think, with economy and good management we can get along all right. J. L. S.

---

### Renew Your Lease.

There are times in every one's life when energy fails and a miserable feeling comes over them, mistaken for laziness. Danger lurks in these symtoms, as they arise from diseased organs. Parker's Ginger Tonic will restore perfect activity to the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, purify the blood, and renew your lease of health and comfort.—*Advocate.*

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## NOTICE OF SEIZURE.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, 5TH DIST., N. C.
Winston, December 12, 1881.

NOTICE is hereby given the owners, Daniel Webster Swaim, that seizure was made, December 10, 1881, of two mules, one horse, one two-horse wagon, one set harness and 13 packages, about 400 gallons of brandy.

Also two horses, one two-horse wagon and one set harness, owner Peter Kirkman. Seized Dec. 10, 1881.

Also two horses, one two-horse wagon and one set harness, owner Yank Watson. Seized Dec. 10, 1881.

All persons claiming the said property will appear before Geo. B. Everitt, Collector of 5th Dist., N. C., at his office in Winston, within 30 days from this Dec. 12, 1881, or the property will be declared forfeited to the United States.

Given under my hand and seal this December 12, 1881.

GEO. B. EVERITT,
50-3t. Collector 5th Dist., N. C.

## REVENUE SALE.

UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE,
*Collector's Office, 5th District, N. C.,*
Winston, December 22, 1881.

The following property, viz: 33 barrels, containing 1015 gallons Whisky, 32 empty barrels, 3 Copper Stills, 3 Worms, and 3 Caps, seized from W. A. Shouse on 5th and 11th days of November, 1881, having been forfeited to the use of the United States, according to law, will be sold to the highest bidder in Mt. Airy, N. C., on the 4th day of January, 1882. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

GEO. B. EVERITT,
No. 50-2t. Collector.

## NOTICE OF SEIZURE.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, 5TH DIST., N. C.,
Winston, N. C., Dec. 3, 1881.

NOTICE is hereby given the ostensible owner, Samuel Marion, that, on the 30th day of November, 1881, seizure was made of 5 barrels, containing 160 gallons of brandy, for violation of the Internal Revenue laws of the United States.

All persons claiming the said property will appear before Geo. B. Everitt, Collector of 5th District of North Carolina, at his office, in the town of Winston, N. C., within 30 days from this date, or the property will be declared forfeited to the United States.

Given under my hand and seal, this 3rd day of December, 1881.

GEO. B EVERITT,
49-3t. Collector 5th Dist., N. C.


## DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

$66 a week in your town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

## HOLIDAY GOODS!!

Christmas - New Year
*1881—1882.*

## THE SALEM BOOKSTORE

is the place to buy your

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE BOOK DEPARTMENT is unusually full and complete, and at lower prices, in many instances, than last year. The Poems have been reduced to ONE DOLLAR for the best gilt-edged cloth. The Boys' Books at same figures. Books bought in lots will be sold at reasonable reductions. Call and see the new

**Holiday Gift Books,**

comprising "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Rock of Ages," "He giveth His beloved sleep," *new*. The finely bound single poems are Moore's Lalla Rookh, Paradise Lost, Ancient Mariner, Pleasures of Hope, all in sumptuous bindings, and offered at popular prices. The Children's and Youth's Books are gems, such as "On the edge of Winter," "The Bodley Books," &c.

**The Writing Desks**

embrace a fine and cheaper lot, from the elegant Papier Mache inlaid Desk to the plain $1.50 walnut. Paper Cutters, with chamois horn handles, fine, for gents. Gents' Dressing Cas for the pocket and table. Children's cases, Music Rolls and Cases, Paint Boxes, Baskets in profusion.

**Christmas Cards,**

by the thousand, Fringed and plain. A most elegant assortment.

**Framed Chromos,**

low in price and beautiful in design.

**Masks,**

for all colors.

SCHOOL BOYS, KNAPSACKS, &c., &c., &c., &c.

In short, we invite the public to come and see for themselves, and we will show them pretty goods as low as the lowest.

**L. V. & E. T. BLUM.**
Salem, N. C., Dec. 15, 1881.


## SALE OF VALUABLE LAND.

BY virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, I will sell at public auction, ON THE PREMISES, on MONDAY, the 2nd DAY OF JANUARY, 1882, the following tracts of Land belonging to the estate of the late Andrew Spaugh, to-wit:

THE HOME PLACE

situated on Middle Fork of Muddy Creek, adjoining the lands of C. P. Sides, Harrison Crouse, Lewis Spaugh and others, containing about

**109 ACRES,**

of which about 50 acres are good WOODLAND.

There is a DWELLING HOUSE, OUT-HOUSES, a LARGE BARN and an ORCHARD on said land.

The other tract is situated on the waters of South Fork of Muddy Creek, adjoining the lands of the widow Spaugh, Eli Sides and others, containing about

**51-4 ACRES,**

most of which is good MEADOW land.

Terms six months credit, with bond and approved security, and interest from date.

Sale to commence on the premises of the home place, at 11 o'clock, A. M. And on the premises of the meadow tract, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Also, I will sell at the same time and place 3 HAY STACKS.

Terms cash. N. S. COOK,
Adm'r of Andrew Spaugh.
November 28, 1881.—47-4w.

—BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW, at the Salem Book Store.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
FORSYTH COUNTY,
***In Superior Court.***

N. S. Cook Adm'r of Urias Mooney, Plaintiff,
*Against*
Thomas Mooney, Defendant.

SUMMONS FOR RELIEF—PETITION TO SELL LAND FOR ASSETS.

*To the Sheriff of Forsyth County—Greeting:*

You are hereby commanded to summons Thomas Mooney, the above named Defendant, if to be found in your county, to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court for Forsyth County, within 20 days after the service of this summons on him, exclusive of the day of such service, and answer the complaint, a copy of which will be deposited in the office of the Clerk of Superior Court for said county, within 3 days from the date of this Summons; and let him take notice that, if he fail to answer to said complaint within that time, the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Hereof fail not, and of this summons make due return.

Given under my hand and seal of this Court, this 7th day of September, 1881. C. S. HAUSER, C. S. C.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Thomas Mooney, the Defendant in the above case, is a non-resident of this State: It is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication of the Summons in this action be made in the *People's Press*, a newspaper published in the town of Salem, N. C., for six successive weeks, notifying the Defendant to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said County within the time prescribed by law; and that such publication shall be equivalent to personal service of such summons on the Defendant.

Given at Office, in Winston, this 25th day of November, 1881.

47-6w. C. S. HAUSER, C. S. C.


FOR SALE Double Buggy and Harness. Enquire at SALEM BOOK STORE

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book Store.

***Post Office Directory.***

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 6.45, a. m., and every day at 3.40, p. m. Due every day, by 12:30, a. m., and every day except Sunday, by 11.45, a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Tobaccoville, Dalton, Bliss and Flat Shoals. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 3, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton Walnut Cove and Meadows. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m. Due every day, except Sunday by 3, p. m.

YADKINVILLE, via Winston, Lewisville, Panther Creek Conrad's and Charity closes every day except Sunday at 5:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday by 3, p. m.

ROCKFORD, via Mount Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend and Richmond Hill Closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:30, a. m. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 6, p.m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Yokely, Advance and Elbaville. Closes every Tuesday and Friday at 5:30, a. m. Due Tuesday and Friday by 7, p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

**BINGHAM SCHOOL,**
ESTABLISHED IN 1793.
MEBANEVILLE, N. C., is
**PRE-EMINENT**
among Southern Boarding Schools for boys in age, numbers and area of patronage. Messing club ¼ of a mile from Barracks for young men of small means. The 176th session begins January 11th, 1882. For catalogue giving full particulars address
MAJ. R. BINGHAM, Supt.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.—A new supply of Albums at SALEM BOOKSTORE.

**Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!**

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

**A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat** should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases.** For thirty years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried, but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. **Public speakers** and **singers** use them to clear and strengthen the **Voice.** Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

## FALL AND WINTER GOODS

AT Mrs. DOUTHIT'S.

**REDUCED PRICES.**

| CALL AND SEE. |

JUST RECEIVED at Mrs. DOUTHIT'S, a large assortment of all kinds of

MILLINERY GOODS,
**NOTIONS,**
WHITE GOODS, &c., &c.,

for the Fall and Winter of 1881, which will be sold cheap for cash.

All are invited to call.

Mrs. T. B. DOUTHIT.
Salem, N. C., Oct. 1, 1881.

SALEM ACADEMY.

**Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework.**

THE STUDIO of the institution is now open, and tuition is offered in the various branches of the Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework. The attention of ladies who may have leisure for study is invited.

Special arrangements will be made for lady students from town separately from those for the regular Academy classes.

For information in regard to the various branches of the course, and terms, apply at the office of the Academy.

J. T. ZORN, Principal.

## CUSTOM Boot and Shoe Shop.

I HAVE OPENED A CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, on Main Street, Salem, N. C., two squares below the Salem Hotel, next door to T. Vogler's gun-smith shop.

Will make MENS' BOOTS AND SHOES, and all kinds of LADIES' WORK, in a neat and substantial manner.

☞ Particular attention giving to REPAIRING all kinds of boots and shoes.

Prices for the different qualities of work will be found as reasonable as at any other establishment.

I most respectfully solicit a part of the public patronage.

If parties living at a reasonable distance, in need of work, will let me know by postal card or otherwise, I will wait on them.

Respectfully,
G. A. REICH.
Salem, N. C., Aug. 25, 1881.


## NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of the late Adam Conrad, on the 28th day of November, 1881, NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of the said Adam Conrad, deceased, to make immediate payment and settlement to me, or the claims will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me lawfully authenticated on or before the 10th day of December, 1882, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

N. S. COOK,
Public Adm'r of Forsyth County.
November 28th, 1881—47


$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address Taue & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. W. M. HINSHAW.

SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1881.

## HINSHAW BROTHERS,

**WINSTON, N. C.**

Four years ago to-day we opened our first stock of GOODS in one of the buildings we now occupy. Not satisfied to remain where we started, we have from time to time added to our building and stock, so that we can safely say that we now have the most complete Store Rooms in the State. We have in use two of BATES' best ELEVATORS by the means of which we have easy access to all parts of the ten Rooms in our Block, all of which are filled with Merchandise of every description, which we buy at the lowest prices, mostly from manufacturers, and which we will sell at reasonable prices.

IN OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENTS, WHICH ARE THE LARGEST IN TOWN, we will duplicate in prices any bill of an ordinary amount bought in any market, freight taken into consideration.

OUR RETAIL DEPARTMENTS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN WINSTON. We call especial attention to our line of

**DRESS GOODS,**

**TRIMMINGS, LAWNS, PEQUETS, SUITINGS, NOTIONS, PARASOLS, COTTONADES, CASSIMERES, BOOTS AND SHOES.**

Winchester, Va., and Miles' Philadelphia Shoes

A SPECIALTY.

**OUR STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF**

**400 Suits of Mens' and Boys' Clothing**
**40 Cases Hats.**
**85 Cases and Bales of Dry Goods**
**50 Cases Notions**
**100 Bags Coffee**
**50 Barrels Sugar**
**75 " Syrups**
**150 Kegs of Nails and Horse Shoes**

**SPLENDID STOCK OF**

## STAPLE HARDWARE,

**Drugs and Patent Medicines.**

**Tin Ware, Hollow Ware and Queensware**

in large quantities and great variety.

**2,000 Dozens Coats' Spool Cotton at N. Y. Prices.**
**2,000 Pounds Sole Leather.**
**20,000 Pounds Meat and Lard.**
**White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, &c.**

We intend to make it to the interest of every one to come and see us, and we invite you to do so.

**7,500 BAGS OF THE CELEBRATED STAR BRAND TOBACCO MANURE For Sale this Spring.**

Buy your GOODS of us and sell your TOBACCO at our NEW WAREHOUSE, (PACE'S) when completed, and you will come as near getting the worth of your money in Merchandise, and the worth of your Tobacco in money as you can get in this wide world.

**COME ONE, COME ALL.**

Respectfully,

**HINSHAW BROTHERS.**

May 19th, 1881.

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
P. COWPER Adjuster and Supervisor.

NORTH CAROLINA
## HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
**RALEIGH, N. C.**

INSURES ALL CLASSES OF

Insurable Property,

Against Loss or Damage by Fire,

**On the Most Reasonable Terms.**

☞ Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid. ☜
☞ Encourage Home Institutions ☜

J. W. BEARD, Agent, at Kernersville, N. C. J. A. LINEBACK, Agent at Salem, N. C.

## LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE
**INSURANCE COMPANY.**
THE LEADING COMPANY OF THE WORLD
**Assets, over - - $30,000,000.**
Total Claims Paid, SEVENTY MILLON DOLLARS

**New York Office, 45 William Street.**
**DAVENPORT & CO., GENERAL AGENTS**
1113 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
**J. A. LINEBACK, SALEM, N. C.,**
Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.

**JOB PRINTING** of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.

NEW BOOKS.—A lot of new Seaside Library publications just received, at the Salem Bookstore.

## NOTICE.

Pure Bred Plymouth Rock Chickens for sale, either in pairs or trios, by
MRS. L. N. CLINARD.
Salem, N. C., October 4, 1881.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

**I. W. DURHAM,**

PRACTCAL

**Marble-Worker**

AND DEALER IN

**MONUMENTS!**

AND

**TOMBSTONES.**

**WINSTON, N. C.**

Write for Price List and Designs.
March 21—26-12—1 year.

## PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had thirty-five years' experience.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, $3.20 a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Pub'rs of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents free.

## North Carolina R. R.

**Condensed Schedules.**

TRAINS GOING EAST.

| Date, Nov. 20 1881. | No. 35. Daily. | No. 51. Daily. | No. 53. Daily |
|---|---|---|---|
| Leave Charlotte | 3 10 a m | 4 40 a m | 4 45 p m |
| " Salisbury | 4 42 a m | 6 00 a m | 7 27 p m |
| " High Point | ..... | 7 38 a m | 7 50 p m |
| Arrive Greensboro | 6 25 a m | 8 28 a m | 8 44 p m |
| Leave Greensboro | ..... | 9 35 a m | 9 18 p m |
| Arrive Hillsboro | ..... | 11 42 a m | ..... |
| " Durham | ..... | 12 17 p m | ..... |
| " Raleigh | ..... | 1 25 p m | ..... |
| Leave | ..... | 4 10 p m | ..... |
| Arrive Goldsboro | ..... | 6 20 p m | ..... |

No. 17—Daily, except Saturday.
Leave Greensboro 5 40 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh 3 04 a. m.
Arrive Goldsboro 3 00 a. m.

No. 35—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North and West.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 53.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily; at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

| Date, Dec 5, 1881. | No. 34. Daily. | No. 50. Daily. | No. 52. Daily. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Leave Goldsboro | ..... | 10 00 a m | ..... |
| Arrive Raleigh | ..... | 12 35 p m | ..... |
| Leave " | ..... | 3 35 p m | ..... |
| Arrive Durham | ..... | 3 49 p m | ..... |
| " Hillsboro | ..... | 4 26 p m | ..... |
| " Greensboro | ..... | 6 45 p m | ..... |
| Leave " | 9 15 p m | 7 05 p m | 9 31 a m |
| Arrive High Point | ..... | 7 42 p m | 10 02 a m |
| " Salisbury | 10 34 p m | 9 00 p m | 11 14 a m |
| " Charlotte | 12 25 a m | 10 45 a m | 12 30 p m |

No. 18, Daily ex. Sunday—Lv. Golds. 3 p. m.
Ar. Raleigh 7 30 p. m.
Lv. Raleigh 6 00 a. m.
Ar. Greensboro 3 00 p. m.

No. 50—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for Asheville, &c., at Charlotte with A. & C. Air-Line for all points in the South and Southwest.

No 54—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A.-L. Railroad for all points South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A.-L. for points South and Southwest; at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

## N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

| GOING WEST. | No. 50, Daily. | No. 52, Daily, ex. Sun |
|---|---|---|
| Leave Greensboro | 9 51 p m | 10 00 a m |
| Arrive Kernersville | 11 07 p m | 11 00 a m |
| " Salem | 11 50 p m | 11 30 a m |
| GOING EAST. | No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun. | No. 53, Daily. |
| Leave Salem | 7 30 a m | 4 30 p m |
| Arrive Kernersville | 8 04 a m | 5 10 p m |
| " Greensboro | 9 00 a m | 6 30 p m |

## PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS

WITHOUT CHANGE.

On Train No. 34—Danville and Atlanta.
On Train No. 50—New York and Atlanta via Washington and Danville.
On Train No. 52—Richmond and Danville, and Washington and Augusta, via Danville.

☞ Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to points in Arkansas and Texas address

A. POPE,
Gen'l Pass'r Agt.
Richmond, Va.

## ATTENTION FARMERS!

**To the Improvements in the Old American Farmer for 1882.**

**Increase** in size, number of issues, interest and topics treated.

**Prizes** offered for Essays in various departments of Farming, Stock Raising, Fruit Growing, Market Gardening and Tobacco Planting. These Essays are expected to be prominent features during the year.

**Valuable Premiums** for subscribers—useful, beautiful and costly articles—all free for a little time and labor.

No farmer in the Atlantic States, from Delaware to Georgia, *can afford to be without* this old and reliable adviser and guide on farm work.

The most competent, successful and experienced men and women have charge of the several departments.

**Reports of Representative Farmers' Clubs** are a notable feature of its issues.

There is a **Home Department**, with charming reading and practical suggestions for the ladies of the farm household.

Published twice a month (on 1st and 15th). Printed in clear type on fine white paper.

**$1.50** a year. To clubs of five or more, **$1.**

Send for Specimen Numbers and Premium List.

**Sam'l Sands & Son, Publishers,**
128 Baltimore Street (Sign of the Golden Plow),
Baltimore, Md.

The PRESS and THE AMERICAN FARMER will be clubbed together and sent to any address for $2.50 for one year.

## CEDAR COVE NURSERIES.

All kinds of fruit trees and small fruit plants at unusually low rate, prices and descriptions sent free. Address
N. W. CRAFT.
Shore, Yadkin Co., N. C.

GATES'

## SHAVING SALOON.

I TAKE PLEASURE in calling the attention of the Young Gents of Winston and Salem to the fact that, I have removed my

**Shaving Saloon and Barber Shop**

to the most eligible room for the business in the city. Call at the first door North of the Merchant's Hotel, Winston, N. C. Thankful for past favors, I trust to be able to merit a continuance of your visits. Very Respectfully,
ALEX. GATES.

☞ I am still manufacturing my world-renowned HAIR RESTORER, and ask all who are in need to send in their orders. I have certificates from some of the best citizens of Winston and Salem, as well as other places, and guarantee satisfaction. 34-6m.

## PATENTS

obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, or in the Courts attended to for **Moderate Fees.**

We are opposite the U. S. Patent Office, engaged in **Patent Business Exclusively**, and can obtain patents in less time than those remote from **Washington.**

When model or drawing is sent we advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make **No Charge unless we obtain Patent.**

We refer, here, to the Post Master, the Supt. of the Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms, and reference to actual clients in your own State county, address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

### Forgetfulness.

In the toil of the day, in the dreams of th night,
In the golden glow when the sun goes down
In the morning sunbeams shining bright,
One thought like a phantom follows me
And over the face of the cold gray lea,
The rustling leaflets, sere and brown,
Whisper a story of sad regret,
And murmur, softly, "forget, forget."

For the crosses that come in this work-a-day world
Cast a shadow dark o'er the lives of all,
And we sooner win that crown imparied,
When we bravely bid our sorrows go,
Checking the hot tears ceaseless flow,
Cheering some heart that seems to fall
If those who smile should frown and fret,
This heart of ours could never forget.

And it is wrong in this life, which is short at the best,
To be grieving here, when there's work to do;
For the soul that lives in the land of rest
Is happier there than here in life,
And knows that for us in this world's great strife
'Tis better far it the tears are few,
And we know, each night, when the sun has set,
There is one day less that we need forget.

## A Lawyer's Story.

"Can I sit with you?"
"Certainly, sir."
"Nice weather."
"Splendid, indeed."
"Crops growing finely?"
"Yes, couldn't do better."

I was sitting in a passenger coach on a Wisconsin railroad one day years ago when a good-looking, pleasant-spoken man came along, stopped at my seat, and the above conversation took place, the latter part of it after I had given him a part of my seat.

Now I am regarded as a social man I like a joke a good bit; and I think a sour, morose man, who uses his tongue only when obliged to, is bound to die of some terrible disease and go to some place of red-hot punishment.

On entering a railroad car I always look about for a talkative man, and then get as close to him as possible, and drain him dry, if the journey is long enough.

And I want to state one thing more. Left an orphan before I could realize the event which had made me one, I got kicked here and cuffed there, and "grew up between folks," as they say. I ought to have had, at the time of which I write, a pretty thorough knowledge of human nature, and have been enabled to read in a man's face if he intended me evil. I did not pride myself on being over keen or extra sharp, but the knocking around among strangers ought to give one a good experience.

Well, the stranger and I fell into an easy strain of conversation as we rode on together, and in ten minutes I began to enjoy his company. He was a well-made fellow, finely dressed, and he wore a fine watch and a simon pure diamond ring. I never saw a man who could talk so easily and so pleasantly. It seemed that he had but to open his mouth and the words fell right out.

I had traveled in the South, so had he. I had heard the loud roar of the Pacific; he knew all about it. I had been up in a balloon, down in a mine; been blown up, smashed up, and repaired again; my new friend had experienced all these things; and was waiting for something to turn up of a more startling nature. We agreed on politics, and I had never met such a railroad companion.

Did you ever meet a man who, though a stranger to you ten minutes before, could wrest from you secrets which you'd sworn to yourself not to reveal? Well, he was such a man. It was not long before he commenced asking me questions. He did not seem to be trying to quiz or draw me out, but he asked me questions in such a sly, roundabout way, that before I knew it I was giving him my history.

I was just at that time on the point of being admitted to the bar of Wisconsin as a student of Law & Law, of Brierville.

The firm were old lawyers, with a lucrative practice, and it had been talked over that in about a month I was to become the "Co." of the firm. A year before an old farmer named Preston, down about four miles from Grafton, had died, and his matters had been put into the hands of Law & Law for settlement. Preston had died rich. He had money in the bank, railroad stocks, mortgages, etc., and everything was settled up to the satisfaction of the relict and the fatherless.

About a year before his death, being short for money and not wishing to sell anything at a sacrifice, Preston had given a mortgage on his farm for $3,000. While the papers read "one year from date," there was a verbal agreement that it should be lifted off any day when Preston desired. A month after, when, having the money, he desired to clear off the paper, the old money-bags holding it refused to disgorge, wishing to secure his interest for a year.

I was on my way to ascertain the date of expiration. A fire among our office papers had destroyed the memoranda, and I must go down and get the date from old Script, who lived south of Grafton about five miles. The stranger had pumped all this out of me in ten minutes; and yet I never once suspected that he was receiving information.

"I am not positive," I added, "but I am pretty sure the time is the 13th—which would be Tuesday."

"And then your folks will send down the money and discharge the mortgage, of course?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes. I should most likely bring it down," I replied, and it never occurred to me how imprudent I was.

He turned the conversation into other channels, and did not once attempt to pump me further. We got to Grafton at half-past 10, and to my surprise he announced that he was to stop in the town on business for a few days. I had not asked his name or vocation, while he knew everything about me.

We went to the hotel, had dinner, and then I secured a lively team and drove out, getting through with the business so that I was back to take the half-past 2 express east. My friend was on the porch of the hotel as I drove up, carrying that same honest, dignified face.

"Well, did you find out?" he inquired, in his pleasant way.

"It's on the 13th, as I expected," I replied.

We had lunch together, and when we shook hands and parted I had no more idea of seeing him again than I have of knowing you. At parting he gave me his card. It was a modest piece of pasteboard, and bore the name of "Geo. Raleigh" in script.

Everything at the office went on as usual, and the 13th came at length. Law & Law had arranged for me to go down with the money, and I looked upon it as a business of no special importance.

"We know you are all right," remarked the senior partner, as I was about to go; "but I want to give you a word of warning, nevertheless. Don't take any strangers into your confidence until you have passed out the money, and look out who sits next to you."

It was something new for him to caution me, and I could not but wonder at it; but in the bustle of getting on board the train I forgot what he said. Ordinary prudence had induced me to place the money, which was all in bank bills, and divided into three packages, where the deft hand of a pickpocket could not reach it.

Interested in a newspaper time flew by as the train flew West, and at length the hoarse voice of the brakeman warned me that I had reached Grafton. I had leaped down and was making my way to the livery stable when I heard a familiar voice, and looked up to see Raleigh. He was seated in a buggy, and had, seemingly, waited for me to come up.

"Don't express your surprise," he began, as I stopped at the wheel. "I did intend to go away, but I changed my mind, and I like this section so well that I am going out to-day to look at a farm, with a view of purchasing. Come, ride up to the hotel."

We rode up, ordered a lunch, and while we were discussing it Mr. Raleigh discovered that the farm he was going to see was just beyond the Script's.

How fortunate! I could ride out with him, see the farm, and return in his company, and he would be greatly pleased.

I was also pleased. If any one had told me, as we got into the buggy, that George Raleigh meant to return with my money in his pocket and my blood upon his hands, I should have believed him a lunatic. And yet George Raleigh had planned to do that very same thing.

It was a lovely day in June, and the cool breeze and the sight of meadows and green groves made my heart grow larger.

My companion was very talkative, but he didn't even hint at my errand.

"Oh, excuse me," he exclaimed, after he had passed a mile or so beyond the village and were among the farmhouses, "I should have offered you this before."

He drew from his pocket a small flask of wine and handed it to me. Now I was temperate in regard to drinks. In fact, I detested the sight and smell of anything intoxicating; but I had not the moral courage to tell him so and hand back the flask undisturbed. I feared to offend him, and so I drank, perhaps, three good swallows. He called my attention to the woods on the left, as he received back the flask, and when I looked around again he was just removing it from his mouth, as if he had drank heartily.

In about five minutes I began to feel queer. The fences along the road seemed to grow higher, and the trees to grow larger; something got into my ears, so that the rattle of the buggy sounded a long way off.

"How strange! why, I believe I am going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding on to the seat with all my might.

"You do look strange," he replied, a sickly smile stealing over his face. "I shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."

I did not suspect the game he had played. His words were like an echo, and his face seemed twice as large as it usually was. My head began to snap and crack, and I was greatly frightened.

"You are badly off," he continued, looking into my face. "I will drive as fast as possible and get a doctor."

My tongue was so heavy I could not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my eyes and he put his horse at his best pace. We met a farmer's team, and I can remember that one of the occupants of the wagon called out to know what ailed me. Raleigh did not reply, but urged the horse forward.

About three miles from Grafton was a long stretch of forest, and this we soon reached. The pain in my head was not so violent, and I was not so badly affected with opening my eyes. I had settled into a sort of dumb stupor, with a brain so benumbed that I had to say to myself "this is a tree, this is a stump," etc., before I could make sure that I was not wrong. Half a mile down the road we struck the forest, and then Raleigh turned the horse into a blind road leading back into the woods. I could not understand what he intended. I tried to grapple with the question, but I could not solve it.

"Well, here we are," exclaimed Raleigh, when we had reached a point forty rods from the road.

He stopped the horse, got out and fastened him, and then came around to the wheel.

"You don't feel just right, but I guess you will be better soon," he remarked; "come let me help you down."

He reached up his arms and I let go of the seat and fell into them. It seemed to me as if I weighed a ton, but he carried me along without an effort and laid me down within about a rod of the fence which ran along on one side of an old pasture. Just now the effect of the drug was wearing off, and I began to feel a little better, and I got a faint suspicion that something unusual had happened. But I was powerless to move a limb; the sensation was like that when your foot goes to sleep.

"Can you speak?" inquired Raleigh, bending over me; "because if you can it will save me some trouble. I want to know where you have stowed that money."

Now I began to realize my situation. His face looked natural again and the load was off my tongue.

"George Raleigh! are you going to rob me?" I asked, finding my voice at last.

"Well, some folks might call it robbing, but we dress up the term a little by calling it the only correct financial way of equalizing the floating currency, so that each one is provided for, and no one left out."

"You shan't have the money; I'll die first!" I yelled, rising a little.

"Ah, I see—you didn't take quite enough," he coolly remarked. "Well, I have provided for this."

He went to the buggy, procured ropes and a gag, and knelt down beside me. I had but little strength yet, and he conquered me in a moment. Laying me on my right side, looking toward the fence, he tied my hands, and then forced a gag into my mouth.

"There, now, you see you are nicely fixed up, and all because you acted like a fool, instead of a sensible young lawyer soon to be admitted to the bar."

While he was speaking—indeed while he was tying me—I had caught the sight of the white face of a little girl looking at us between the rails of the fence. I could see her great blue eyes. There were red stains around her mouth and on the little hand resting on the rails, and I knew that she was some farmer's daughter searching for strawberries. I could not warn her of her danger, and I feared she would be seen or heard. While Raleigh was tying the last knot, I winked at the girl as hard as I could, hoping she would see me and move away. But she did not go.

"Well, now for the money," said Raleigh, and he began searching my pockets. He went from one to the other, removing all the articles, and finally passed his hand over my bosom and discovered the money.

"Ha! there it is!" he exclaimed, drawing out the packages, and he was cool enough to go at it and count out the money. As he commenced the girl waved her hand to me. My heart went thumping, for I expected she would utter a word or a shout; but she sank down from sight, and I caught a glance of her frock as she passed through the grass.

"You see, my young friend," remarked Raleigh, as he drew off one of his boots and deposited some of the bills in it, "there's nothing like transacting business as it should be transacted. Some men would have shot or stabbed you, but it's only the apprentices who do such work. All the gentlemen of our calling do business as gentlemen should."

He drew off the other boot and placed some fifties and twenties in it and then continued:

"I have it all planned how to deal with you as soon as I get this money disposed of around my person. I shall lay you on your back and pour the balance of this wine down your throat. There's enough of it to make you sleep till to-morrow night, and by that time I shall be hundreds of miles away. As soon as I see that the drug has taken effect I shall untie your hands and remove the gag. When you come out of your sleep—if you ever do—you had better crawl out to the road, where you will be most likely to meet with some traveler. I want to use the horse and buggy, otherwise I would leave them for you."

How coolly he talked! He treated the matter as if it was a regular business transaction in which I fully acquiesced. He had me a fast prisoner, and I felt that he could do just as he pleased. While I was thinking, I saw the little white face appear between the rails again, but in a moment it faded away and its place was taken by the sunburned phiz of a farmer. He looked from me to Raleigh and back again, and I winked to him in a way which he readily understood. His face disappeared, and I felt that I should be saved.

"No, old Script won't get his tin to-day," mused Raleigh, storing away the bills in his pockets. "You will go back to Law & Law, feeling put out and cut up. But they shouldn't blame you—it is not your way at all. True, had you minded your business on the cars and had not been so free with a stranger, this would not have happened. I was on my way to Milwaukee, and had no thought of such rich pickings here."

"Now, in just about a minute we'll be through with this business," he remarked, trying to put the mouth of the flask between my jaws.

I rolled my head to one side and he did not succeed. He was jamming the flask against my teeth, when I caught sound of a soft step, the crash of a club, and Raleigh rolled off my body. He tried to leap up, but three or four farmers struck him down, and one of the blows rendered him senseless. Before he came to I was free of ropes and gag, and we had him nicely bound.

Over beyond the pasture a farmer and his hands were raking up hay. "Little blue eyes," only eight years old, had wandered off after strawberries, and had fortunately witnessed part of Raleigh's proceedings. She had hurried back to her father and told him that "a man was all tied up there," and he had returned to the fence. Understanding the situation, he and his men had moved around so as to secure an advantage. Raleigh's capture was the result.

When the rascal found his senses he was terribly taken back, and he cursed enough for a whole Flanders army.

We took him back to Grafton, and when I last saw him he was on his way to the penitentiary to serve a sentence of fifteen years.

The mortgage was lifted after all, and the gift that Law & Law sent to little Katie Gray kept her in dresses for many a year.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Rich Girl's Romance.

A reporter of the *Express* learned from Mr James Holt, of Concho, the particulars of a history that properly handled would make the web and woof of as romantic a novel as was ever written. It is the story of a beautiful girl who voluntarily leaves all the luxuries and elegancies of a beautiful home in Philadelphia to follow a lover to the wilds of Texas. Blanche Thomas was the only daughter of parents who lavished upon her all that wealth could purchase. Her dresses from Worth, her equipages, her brown-stone house on Chestnut street, were the envy of many and the ambition of a few. Her father took her with him to Paris, where she soon became the rage in the American colony there. Many admirers had aspired to her hand—many wealthy noblemen had offered themselves in marriage, but all in vain. When pressed by her father for an explanation of her conduct she reluctantly acknowledged she was in love, and had been since her childhood, with the son of the manager of her father's coal mines near Pittsburg. This so enraged her father that he forbade her even to mention the young man's name again, and told her she must select some eligible party with six months or cease to be his daughter. Thinking him to be in earnest, and knowing him to be a man of his word, the poor girl packed up a few clothes, and taking what money she had in her purse at the time, took passage on an outward bound steamer for New York. Arriving there she telegraphed to her lover in Pittsburg, who did not even stop to change his mining clothes, so afraid was he that he might miss the fast express that was to carry him to the object of his affections. There was a quiet little marriage at Grace church the next day, and the spoiled child of fortune was the wife of a brawny, muscular miner. After much thought and a great amount of planning it was decided to come to Texas and here build for themselves a home. He pre-empted and purchased land and sheep in Taylor county, built a house of two small rooms, and while she cooked, washed and attended to the humble avocations of household drudgery he looked after the sheep and cultivated a few acres of land. A year of perfect but quiet happiness passed by, when the husband broke his leg and the work of watching the sheep devolved upon the wife. One afternoon, as she was walking toward the house in her simple country dress, a party of gentlemen rode up, and one of them was her father, who had been searching for his daughter since her departure from Paris. Calm reflection had taught him that hers had, after all, been the better choice, and he was only too glad to recognize in her husband a son-in-law. He persuaded them to give up their home in Texas for a time and return with him to Philadelphia.—*San Antonio (Texas) Express.*

### To Comprehend a Great Distance.

Dr. R. B. Burton writes: Sirius (Dog Star) is the largest and perhaps the nearest of the fixed stars. In order to make its amazing distance from us understood, I will say that there are something over 1,000,000 of people in New York city, and from the Battery to Spuyten Duvil is thirteen miles. Both the length of this island and its number of people can be easily comprehended. There are a thousand times as many people in the rest of the world as New York, and a thousand can also be easily comprehended, for the number can be counted in five minutes. Now if all the inhabitants in New York, and all the inhabitants in the rest of the world beside, should walk the distance from the Battery to Spuytel Duyvil and return every day for five years, and these distances should be added together, the amount would be the distances to the Dog Star, viz., (fifty trillions) 50,000,000,000,000 of miles!

A druggist in New Richmond, Ohio, Mr. M. J. Donham, writes us the following: "I consider Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup one of the very best things made. I use it altogether in my own family and can therefore recommend it.

### A Congressman in Damascus.

Our consulate here is under the charge of Mr. Meshaka, who provided us with a "cavass," whose appearance was both authoritative and picturesque. His name is Selim El Havet, and his golden embroidered and braided jacket, above his widely flowing white pants, with his silken turban of red and gold, gave ornament to his genius. He had genius for command, and, if naturalized, would make an excellent sergeant-at-arms. Children gave way to him; people grown looked after him, and honored us because of him; and soldiers saluted us because of his relation to our government. The bazaars, once unknown as pathways for carriages, now were free to our landau, when his presence was seen as its directing force. When he organized us for our observations this morning—it was with a carriage! A carriage is as strange in these narrow streets as a white elephantine vehicle of the king of Siam would be in the Bowery. When, therefore, we went out of our hotel, under a low door, metallic, and four feet high, and mounted our carriage, we had no idea of the perils we would undergo and overcome from loaded camels and donkeys in the narrow ways. These bazaars of Damascus are celebrated, but they are, like those we saw at Broussa and Constantinople, screened from sun in summer and snow in winter. They consist of long covered wooden sheds for each trade, open stalls where goods are displayed, and the smoking salesman sits comfortably on a rug in front of his little wareroom. There is no limitation on the kind and number of Asiatics who throng these cool, dark thoroughfares. What a medley of men and miscegenation of mankind! All colors, from ebony to ivory, in face and wardrobe; all shapes of matter, men and women, and all sorts of movements, jabber and cries! The fierce, dark Bedouin, with his light turban tied about his dark hair by a rope of black wool, and his weapons handy in his sash, is here. He is being measured for his clothes, trying his tobacco or buying his shoes and saddles. We exchanged some civilities at a tailor's stall with a sheik from near Bagdad. My wife said to him, that if she were stronger, and we had more time, she would like to visit the famous city of Bagdad known so far and near. He gave a quick, honest glance, and said: "We will assure your safety and ease. Go with us!" These Bedouin promises are kept with fidelity, and but for trusts at home we should have "rushed under his belt" and taken his offer.

What happens in these bazaars when two caravans of mules or donkeys, with panniers loaded ten times the size of the animal, meet each other? What if a string of camels strive to "lumber" through, and what if our carriage, which can only go one way and cannot be turned around, be caught in this Eastern imbroglio? This happened to us once or twice; and a mad camel (and when mad they are very bad and mad) dashed by us. His ropes caught our carriage and but for the quickness of our dragoman we should have been upturned or inturned into a shop. Fortunately there was but one step from the carriage to a silk stall; and my wife was ready for the step. Nobody here will get out of the way if they can help it. Not even a dog gets out of the way, though instant death stares him in the face. Like the people, he will gaze sleepily and half curiously at you; and like them he will cry on the least suspicion of trouble. You pick up a stone to hurl at a dog, and he howls until you throw it or hit him, and then he goes off quietly. Although our cavass was a Moslem, and sat above with the driver, sworded as a knight and pistoled like a Bobadil, and all recognized him as authority with the right of way to him, yet the dreamy turbaned folks about in the bazaars, crosslegged, or on low stools, with their truck to sell or coffee to drink, never moved. We crashed in one of the four legs of a stool, and grazed the man who sat on it but he smoked away as if nothing had happened. It was "Kismet!"—*Congressman S. S. Cox.*

### The Value of Scraps.

Few people appreciate the value of little and apparently insignificant things. In some foreign countries the litter of domestic animals is carefully collected and sold to farmers. Not a few people make a living gathering fertilizers in this way. In the shops of jewelers and others where articles are manufactured of gold and silver great care is taken to prevent the waste of the precious metals. Every particle of filing, scraping or grinding is preserved for the assayer. The wheels upon which gold and silver have been polished, when worn out, are burnt, and the fire develops particles of the precious metals which could not be seen by the naked eye. Even the sweepings, after great care has been taken to pick up every bit of metal that may have fallen on the floor, are preserved, and in New York city sell for $70 a barrel. It is calculated that when a jeweler's shop floor is to be renewed, the dirt accumulated in the crevices will more than pay the cost of the new floor.

It is said that the receipts from the sale of the refuse of starch mills, which is used by farmers as feed for hogs and other stock, constitute a large part of the profits, and if this refuse could not be sold some mills would be compelled to stop or be run at a loss. The paper "trimmings" of a large printing office like the Harpers or the Appletons are worth thousands of dollars a year. Lumbermen have found uses for nearly every part of a tree, and scraps that a few years ago accumulated so rapidly a to be a source of inconvenience and consequently expense, are now sold for a good price and are in great demand. There are in nearly every branch of business "scraps" of various kinds that, if carefully collected, could be sold at a pecuniary advantage, but this is particularly so in the tobacco business. The value of the tobacco scraps is more highly appreciated in Europe than in America, but even here in the manufacture of cigars very little is allowed to go to waste. Tobacco costs too much to be wasted by the manufacturer.

The stems and ribs of tobacco leaves, which are rejected by the cigarmaker, are sold to farmers for manure. The cuttings and odd scraps are sent to the cigarette manufacturer, or to Europe for pipe-smoking. Even the floor dust has its price, and is used as an insect destroyer in hot houses and gardens. The great waste in tobacco is with the consumer. It is estimated that about one-third of the tobacco made into cigars is thrown away in stumps, and that the smokers of the best cigars throw away the biggest stumps. This enormous waste in this country is attributed largely to the very limited use of cigar-holders, which are more popular in Europe. In Paris the gathering of cigar stumps is a recognized industry, and in the Place Maubert there is a regular market for them. The stumps are collected by boys and girls and beggars, and are bought in large lots by wholesale dealers, who manufacture them into a low grade of smoking tobacco which is either sold to the poorer classes or exported. Scores of New York bootblacks and Italian rag-pickers may be seen every morning gathering from the gutters, for their private consumption, a harvest of cigar stumps which have been swept into them.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Flowers that come from a loved hand are more prized than diamonds.

### The Graves of Lorenzo Dow.

In response to numerous inquiries Dr. I. E. Nagle favors the *Planters' Journal* with what he personally knows concerning the burial places of the eccentric old preacher.

February 4, 1834, was one of the most disagreeable of wintry days ever experienced in Washington, D. C. The snow, mixed with rain, fell rapidly in clouds of sleet, and, being driven by a cutting, piercing northeast wind, made the weather terribly uncomfortable to those who were exposed to its fury. Besides this, the roads were muddy and almost impassable.

Notwithstanding this condition a large funeral cortege, composed of many of the most prominent citizens of the republic and city of Washington, attended the remains of Lorenzo Dow to their burial-place in Holmeads cemetery, at the intersection of Twentieth street and Boundary avenue. At that time, and for many years afterward, that was the fashionable, and, in fact, the only prominent burying ground in the capital city. A sandstone slab was laid on the grave, and for many years it was usual for those who venerated the dead man's memory to make pilgrimages to his grave. At last, Holmeads cemetery fell into disuse, and was abandoned. At present it is in a condition of neglect, dilapidation, and decay that makes it one of the ugliest and most hideous blots that disgrace the boasted civilization of the most beautiful city on this continent.

Among the many admirers and old-time friends of the eccentric preacher was Mr. Corcoran, the famous banker and philanthropist. After he and his compeers had established Oak Hills cemetery in Georgetown, D. C., as a popular and wonderfully beautifully city of the dead, he donated a pretty and prominent site for the final depository of the famous preacher, and so after a silent rest of forty years the ashes and slab were removed and placed in their present position on the 17th of April, 1874.

To find the location of the grave you turn to the right, after passing through the porter's lodge, and then follow the pathway southward along the fence, from which line many romantic views are seen, and passing the lowly headstone that marks the almost obscured and neglected grave of Salmon P. Chase, the imposing monuments of Stanton and others of note in the history of the republic. At the turn by the grand gate, where the road curves to the westward, the pathway goes on almost straight southward, and after passing over the steps of the second terrace you go about ten feet eastward, where you will find the stone slab which marks the grave. It rests at an angle of forty degrees on the slope of the terrace fronting south, and is in a good condition of preservation. The following transcript is a fac simile of the arrangement of the inscription:

The Repository
of
Lorenzo Dow
Who was born in Coventry
Connecticut,
October 18th, 1777, died Feb 2
1834,
A. E. 56.
"A christian is the highest
stye of man"
He is
A slave to no sect, takes
no private road
But looks through nature
up to natures God"

### A Pictish Tower.

Not far from Leavenwick is the island of Mousa, celebrated for containing the most perfect known specimen of a Pictish tower. The island was formerly peopled, but is now uninhabited except by a few native sheep, taken over for grazing purposes; but in the eyes of antiquaries the little islet, only about a mile in length, is of national importance, on account of the ancient "burgh" erected thereon. The tower is circular in form, and fifty feet in diameter, and was formerly, no doubt, shaped like a dice box—wider on top and botton than in the middle. Less than fifty feet in height is now standing. The stones are laid together without cement, but fitted together with a skill which has well enabled the edifice to resist the ravages of time. The tower consists or two concentric walls, each five feet thick, with about the same space between them. This space was all the barrack-room allowed the hardy warriors of old, the inner circle evidently forming the courtyard. Between the two walls of the tower winds a corkscrew staircase, communicating on its way up with a series of small chambers, placed one above the other and ventilated from the interior courtyard by narrow slits. An interesting legend hangs around the venerable castle of Mousa. About the year 1320, by the rights of Udah succession, Harold and Erlend were joint earls of the Orkndy and Lhetlands. The widowed mother of Harold, the dame Margaretta, a woman of great beauty, after many adventures, attracted the notice of an honorable suitor—Harold's partner, Erland—but Harold from some cause was adverse to his mother's nuptials, so the pair fled together to Mousa. Harold pursued them with all fury, and to quote the old chronicler: "Anon fled the Dame Margaretta and Erlend into the fort, within the dark recesses of which they nestled like two pigeons in a dovecote."

The "burgh" was beset with troops, but so impregnable was the construction in those ante-gunpowder days, that the besiegers could not reduce them to submission except by cutting off the supplies of food. This he did, and awaited the result of a tedious siege. But Harold had powerful foes to contend with elsewhere, and finally listened to the advice of others, who persuaded him that he had better retain Erlend's friendship than provoke his enmity. So, as Torfœus goes on to say, "a conciliation took place, and then with great joy returned the parties to their several pursuits, well satisfied with each other."

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and if we observe we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.

An ex-consul of Great Britain, says the Brooklyn Eagle, related that Mr. Charles Townsend, Sedalio, Mo., was cured of rheumatism of the worst kind by St. Jacobs Oil.—Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel.

The poor are only those who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor.

The Ottawa (Kan.) Republican thus quotes: Mr. Harvey B. F. Keller, recorder of deeds, says: I have been long convinced of the merits of St Jacobs Oil, and use it in my family for rheumatism successfully.

The attention of the government has been called to the fact that Adelina Patti's tour through the country will be a costly star route.

**On Thirty Days' Trial.**

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood.

Address as above without delay.

P. S.—No risk is incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed.

AN ENORMOUS TRAKENO.—Pittsburg boasts that 849,746 bottles of CAROLINE have been sold within the past six months. This shows that the great army of bald-heads will soon be reduced to a corporal's guard.

**A Skin Tinged with Yellow.**

That is, abnormally so, is the outward and visible sign of a lack of regularity in the performance of the bile-secreting function, and that the biliary fluid has strayed from its proper channels, impeding digestion, disordering the bowels and producing aggravating internal disorder. No time should be lost, under such circumstances, in resorting to the standard anti-bilious remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the good effects of which is in nothing more conspicuously shown than in its reformatory action upon the great bile-secreting organ. Renewed activity, when the liver is sluggish, a regular action of the bowels, the disappearance of sick-headaches, heartburn, flatulence and pain in the region of the organ principally disturbed, may be anticipated with just confidence by any bilious subject who begins with a course of this peerless regulator, and debilitated or nervous sufferers experience the greatest benefit from its tonic influence, while its efficacy in rheumatism and kidney weakness is equally well authenticated.

LEADVILLE now numbers 20,000 people, and fifteen out of Colorado's twenty-three millions' worth of ore mined last year were from the Leadville district.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the FERRO PHOSPHORATED ELIXIR OF CALISAYA BARK, made by Caswell, Hazard & Company, New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

**"Rough on Rats."**

Ask druggists for it. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, a medical work for every man—young, middle-aged or old. 125 invaluable prescriptions.

### THE MARKETS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **NEW YORK.** | | |
| Beef Cattle—Med. Nat live wt. | 9¼@ | 10¼ |
| Calves—Good to Prime Veals.. | 5 @ | 9½ |
| Sheep..... | 3¾@ | 5½ |
| Lambs..... | 5½@ | 7¾ |
| Hogs—Live..... | 6 @ | 6¾ |
| Dressed, city..... | 7½@ | 7¾ |
| Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy | 5 55 @ | 8 00 |
| Western, good to choice | 6 05 @ | 9 00 |
| Wheat—No. 2 Red..... | 1 42½@ | 1 48¾ |
| No. 1 White..... | 1 40¾@ | 1 41 |
| Rye—Prime State..... | 97 @ | 1 01 |
| Barley—Two-rowed State..... | 90 @ | 90 |
| Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed | 65 @ | 72½ |
| Southern Yellow..... | 72½@ | 73 |
| Oats—White State..... | 52½@ | 56 |
| Mixed Western..... | 49 @ | 52 |
| Hay—Med. to Prime Timothy. | 80 @ | 95 |
| Straw—No. 1, Rye..... | 75 @ | 80 |
| Hops—State, 1881..... | 28 @ | 29 |
| Pork—Mess, new, for export... | 18 25 @ | 18 50 |
| Lard—City Steam..... | 11 25 @ | 11 30 |
| Refined..... | 11 60 @ | 11 60 |
| Petroleum—Crude..... | 6½@ | 7¼ |
| Refined..... | 7½@ | 7¾ |
| Butter—State Creamery..... | 27 @ | 42 |
| Dairy..... | 24 @ | 32 |
| Western Im. Creamery | 30 @ | 35 |
| Factory..... | 12 @ | 28 |
| Cheese—State Factory..... | 9 @ | 12¾ |
| Skims..... | 3 @ | 9 |
| Western..... | 8 @ | 11¾ |
| Eggs—State and Penn..... | 30 @ | 32 |
| Potatoes—Early Rose, State, bbl | 2 62 @ | 2 87 |
| **BUFFALO.** | | |
| Steers—Good Shippers..... | 5 40 @ | 5 65 |
| Lambs—Western..... | 4 00 @ | 5 50 |
| Sheep—Western..... | 3 25 @ | 4 50 |
| Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers.. | 5 90 @ | 6 00 |
| Flour—C'y Ground, No. 1 Spring | 6 75 @ | 7 25 |
| Wheat—No. 1. Hard Duluth.... | 1 55 @ | 1 55 |
| Corn—No. 2 Mixed..... | 68 @ | 68 |
| Oats—No. 2 Mix. West..... | 48 @ | 50 |
| Barley—Two-rowed State..... | 90 @ | 90 |
| **BOSTON.** | | |
| Beef—Extra plate and family.. | 14 50 @ | 15 00 |
| Hogs—Live..... | 6¾@ | 7 |
| Hogs—City Dressed..... | 8½@ | 9 |
| Pork—Extra Prime per bbl.... | 16 50 @ | 17 00 |
| Flour—Spring Wheat Patents.. | 8 00 @ | 9 00 |
| Corn—Mixed and Yellow..... | 72 @ | 75 |
| Oats—Extra White..... | 55½@ | 57 |
| Rye—State..... | 1 05 @ | 1 10 |
| Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine | 44½@ | 46 |
| Unwashed " " | 31 @ | 32 |
| **WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.** | | |
| Beef—Extra quality..... | 6 75 @ | 7 50 |
| Sheep—Live weight..... | 3 @ | 5¾ |
| Lambs..... | 5 @ | 6 |
| Hogs, Northern, dressed..... | 7¾@ | 8 |
| **PHILADELPHIA.** | | |
| Flour—Penn. Ex. Family, good | 6 50 @ | 6 50 |
| Wheat—No. 2 Red..... | 1 40 @ | 1 41 |
| Rye—State..... | 98 @ | 98 |
| Corn—State Yellow..... | 71 @ | 71 |
| Oats—Mixed..... | 49 @ | 49 |
| Butter—Creamery Extra Pa.. | 42 @ | 42 |
| Cheese—New York Full Cream. | 13¾@ | 13¾ |
| Petroleum—Crude..... | 6 @ | 6 |
| Refined..... | 7¾@ | 7¾ |

**Vegetine.**

**I AM CURED.**

**NEURALGIA.**

PT. WASHINGTON, Wis., November 15, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq., BOSTON:

Dear Sir—Having been a great sufferer from *Neuralgia* in my head, I was induced to try VEGETINE from seeing it advertised in a German paper, and after using not quite one bottle am cured. I have no hesitation in saying it is the best medicine I ever used, and take pleasure in recommending it to others. Yours, CHAS. GRAF.

I know Mr. Graf and can indorse the above. I have sold VEGETINE for some time, and it has given good satisfaction. M. ANDIER, Druggist.

**Lost Money with Doctors**

**DYSPEPSIA.**

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., April 3, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

Dear Sir—Having received your VEGETINE, and being troubled with Dyspepsia and having lost a great deal of money with doctors, they doing me no good, I thought it would be well for me to try your VEGETINE, and found it to be better than all the medicine the doctors gave me. I shall always keep it in the house, and would recommend it to all troubled with the above disease. I am your well wisher,

JNO. W. GALVIN.

**I Have Not Had a Chill Since Using**

**Vegetine.**

**FEVER AND AGUE.**

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 24, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—For several years I have been suffering from *Fever and Ague*. Have used *Quinine* and other poisonous medicine to break up the chills, until my general health became poor. Finally, through the advice of a friend who had used your VEGETINE, I *tried it*, and it worked on my system *like a charm*. I have not had a chill since I commenced using the VEGETINE, and my health and strength are rapidly improving. I regret that I had not heard of the VEGETINE long ago. I believe it would have saved much suffering and expense. Very respectfully,

MRS. ANN GREEN.

**Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.**

**Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP**

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**AUNT SERENA.**

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$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Add'r ERUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

**"Favorite Consolation."**

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I write to tell you what your "Favorite Prescription" has done for me. I had been a great sufferer from female complaints, especially "dragging-down," for over six years, during much of the time unable to work. I paid out hundreds of dollars without any benefit till I took three bottles of the "Favorite Presc